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1. Recitations

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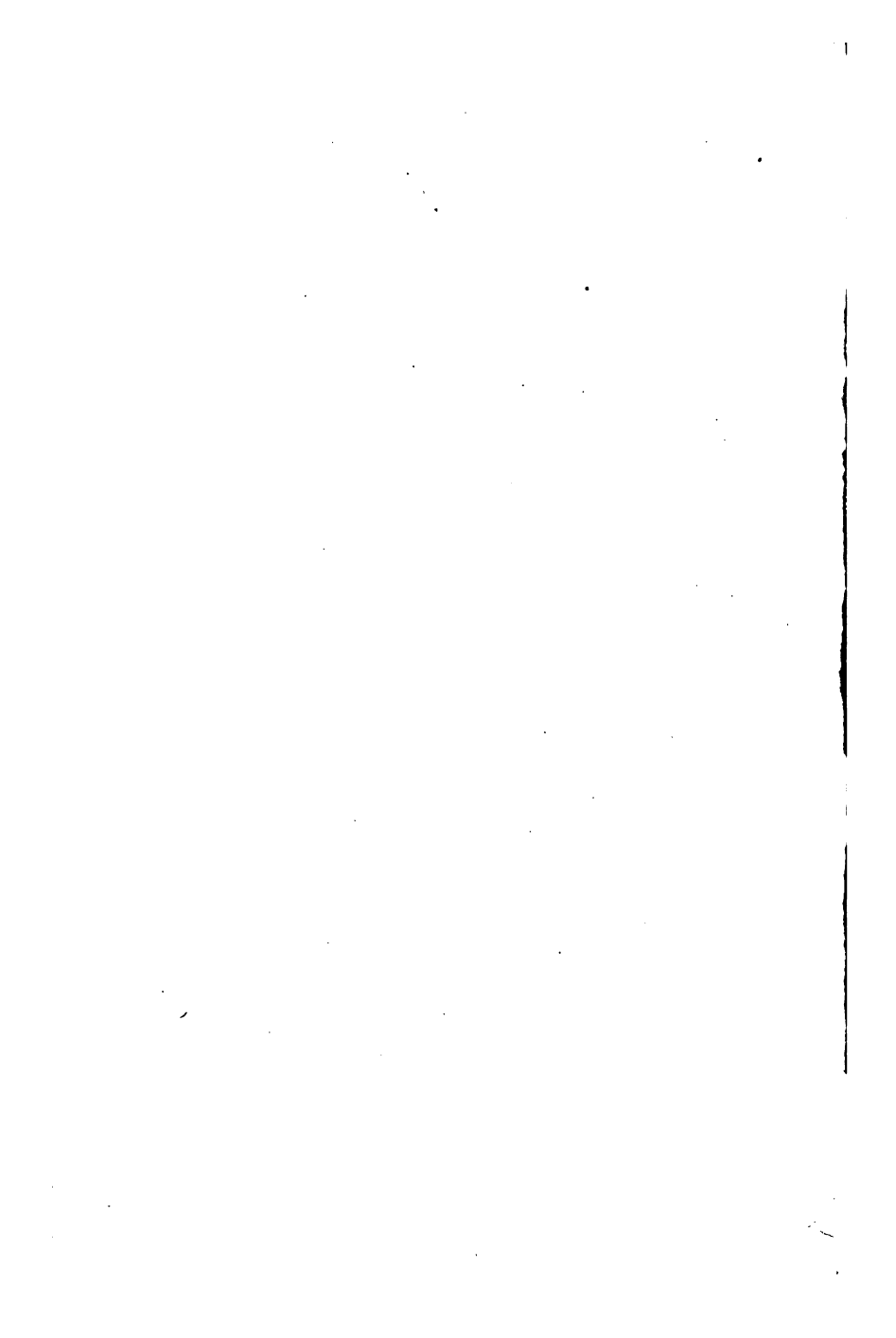
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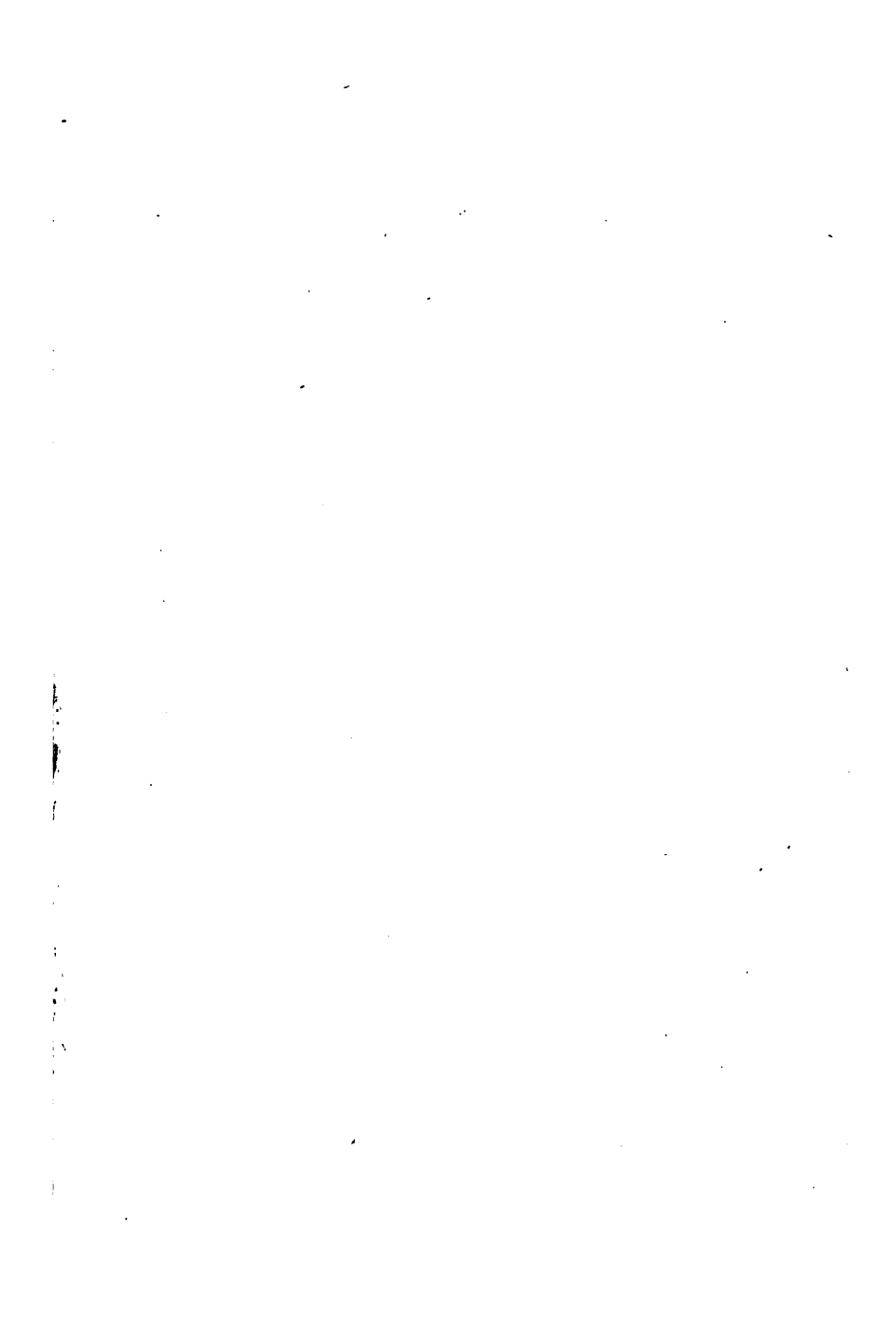
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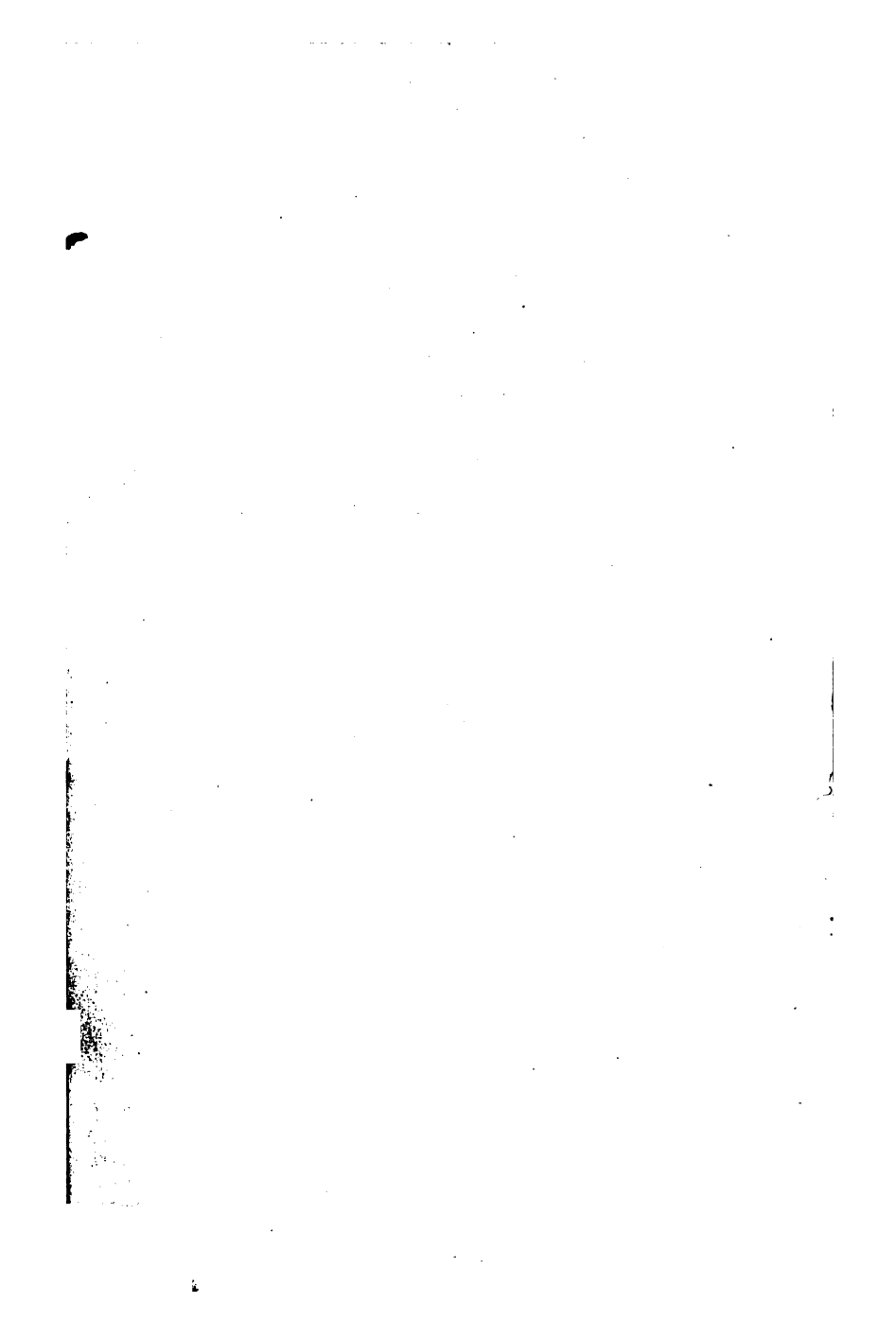
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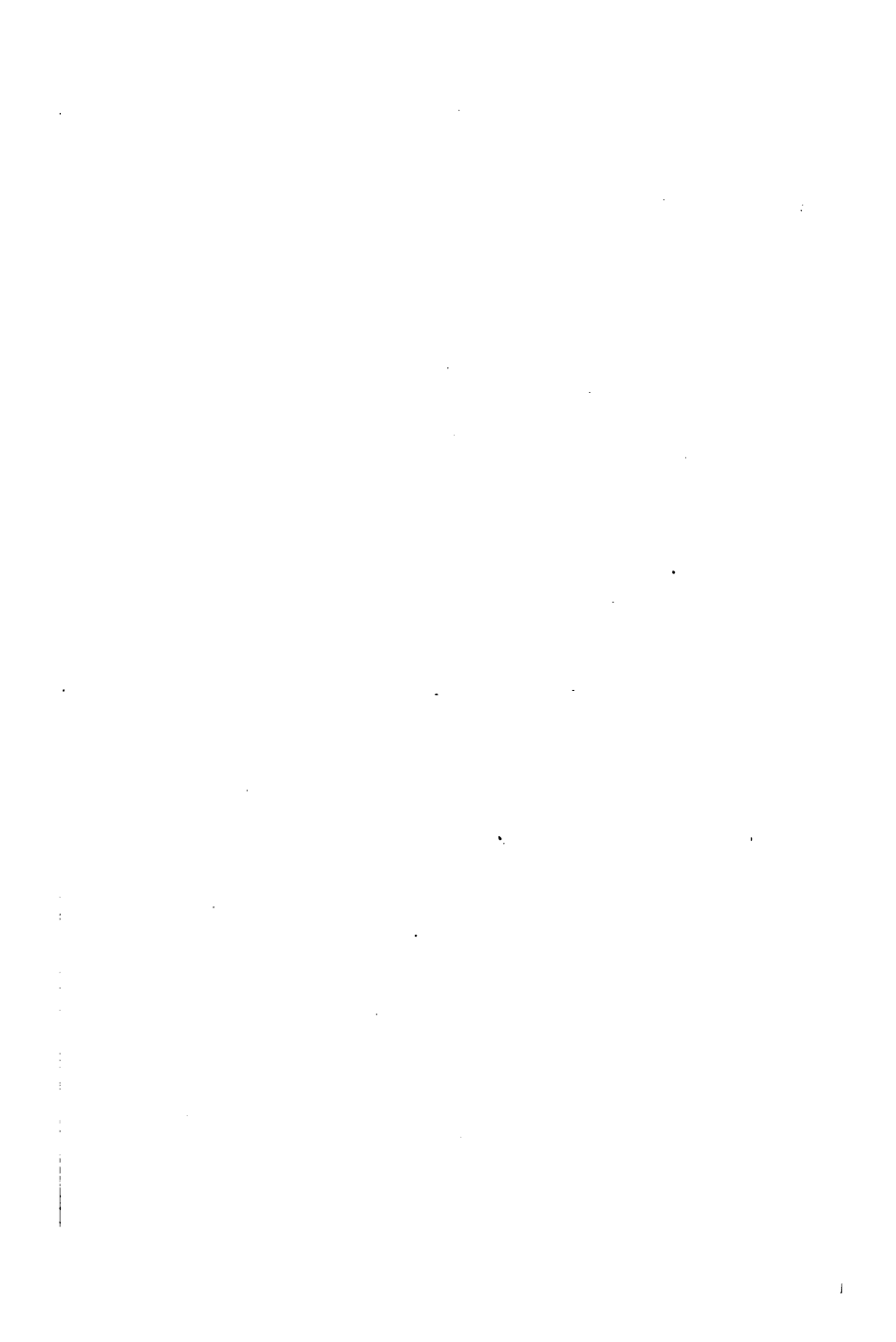


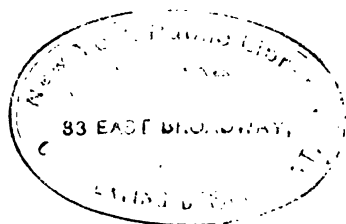
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A PUBLIC SCHOOL RECITER



A PUBLIC SCHOOL RECITER







"They choked my cries with force and fright,
And bound me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind."

—*Christabel*, p. 118.

A
PUBLIC SCHOOL RECITER

BY

BERTHA M. SKEAT, Ph.D. (ZÜRICH)

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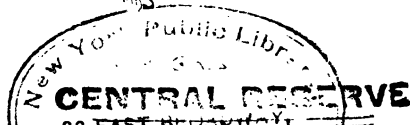
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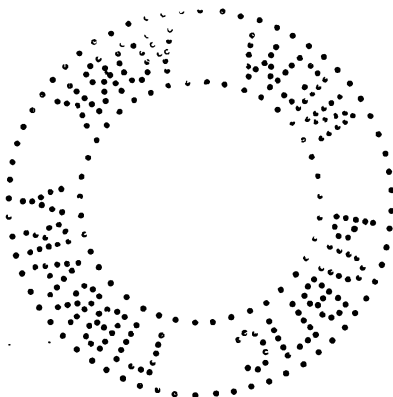


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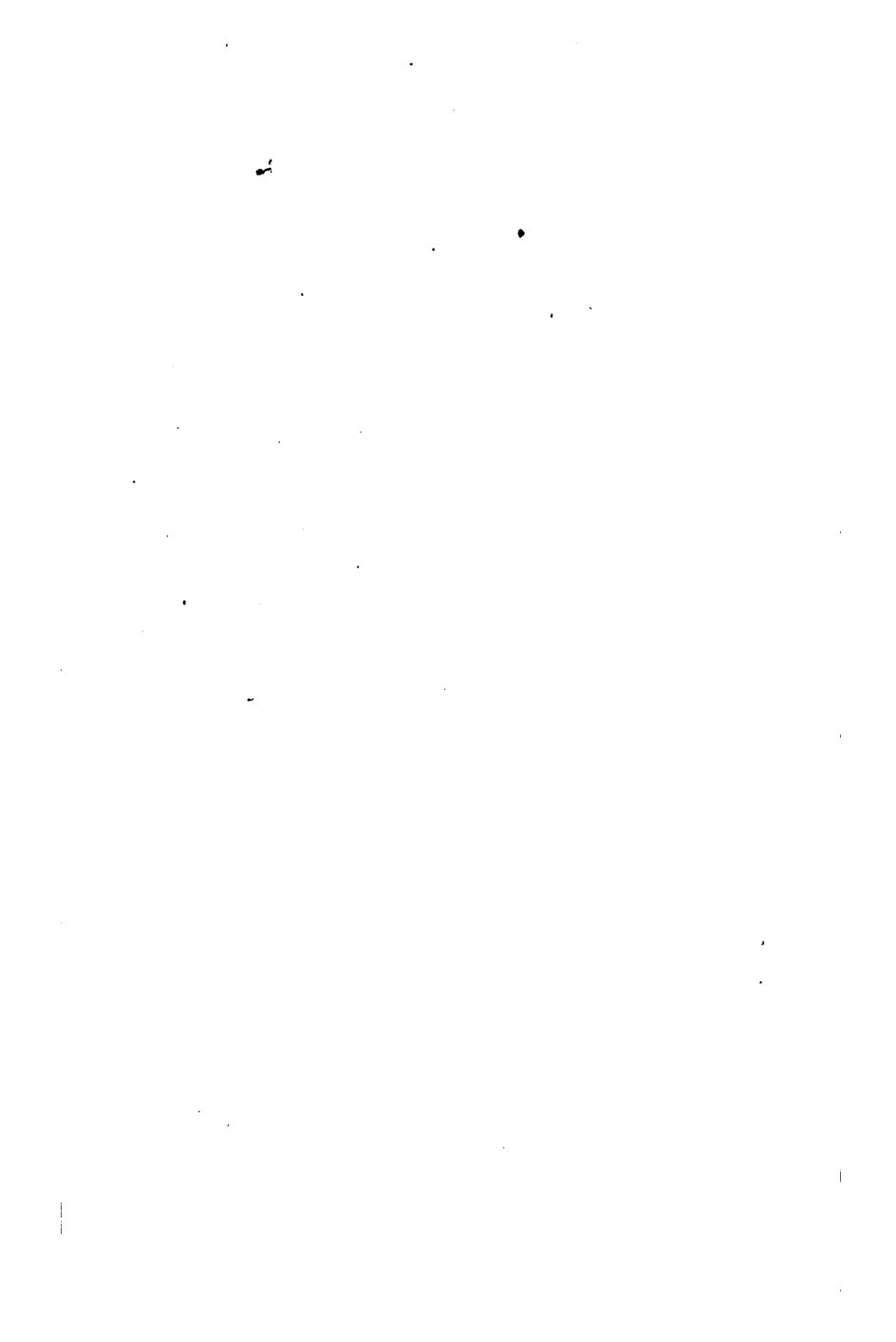
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To My Friend.

O fragrant are the flowers
I twine among thy hair;
O milkwhite are the pearls
I bring for thee to wear.

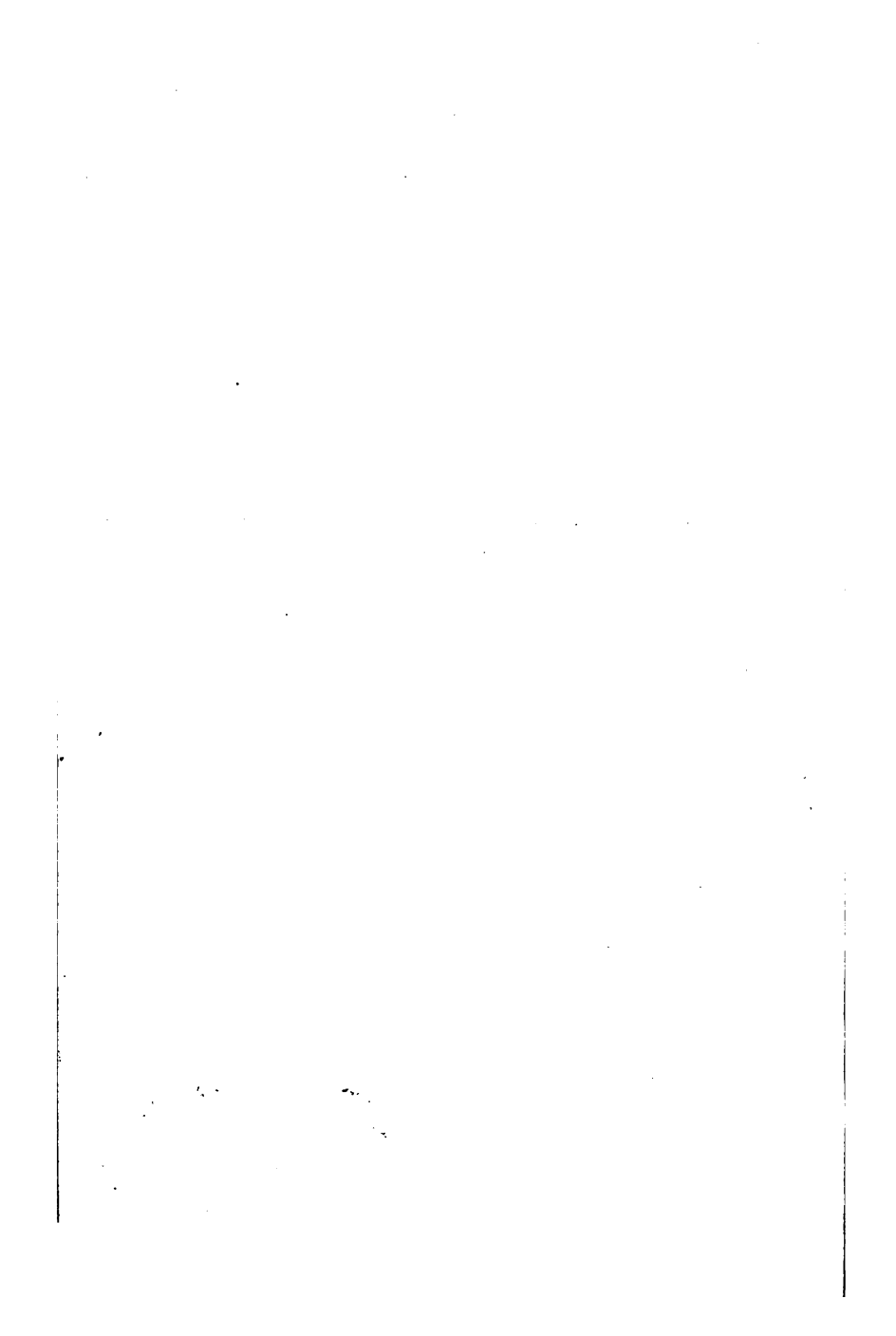
All glowing are these gems
From the New World and the Old;
But the fairest of all gifts
Is a friend's heart of gold.

EL PASO SEP 16 1942



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INTRODUCTION.

TEACHER—BOOK: BOOK—TEACHER.

It is a well-known fact that the modern Public School Curriculum makes short work of any subject that does not directly or indirectly tend towards examinations. Under these circumstances, the teaching of English Literature in the Upper School usually resolves itself into the getting up of "Set Books" or the supplementing of the Literature Primer with choicely culled notes. But in the Lower School—the II., III., and even occasionally Lower IV. Forms—there is yet hope. For there are still two ways left unguarded by which a taste for Literature may be cunningly insinuated by the wary teacher; one is the Recitation lesson, the other, the Composition lesson. We are now considering the question of Recitation.

The chief advantage of Recitation as a class subject is, that it is so eminently suited for the purpose. In a class of fifty boys or girls you can arouse a sense of enthusiasm, of public spirit, of "passion held in a leash," that you cannot arouse in a class of five. And as Literature has been defined, by one who understood it, as the expression of the highest thought in the most perfect form, it is evident that the first training in it must be on the emotional, rather than on the intellectual side. It is here that Recitation comes in; for in trying to express aloud the best thoughts of others in the best way, we enter almost unconsciously into their spirit.

It follows from this that by exercising a judicious and careful *choice* in selecting poems to be learnt by heart for Recitation, we can do a very great deal towards laying the foundations of a good literary training, and a real appreciation of beautiful poetry. At the same time we can develop a talent for reciting with expression, which is capable of giving as much social and æsthetic pleasure as melodious singing, and may be found within the reach of some to whom the latter gift has been denied.

The next step, therefore, is to discover the *principle* upon which this selection shall be based. In the theory of Kindergarten teaching, in the new methods of language teaching, in the study of geography and other subjects, we are everywhere confronted by the dictum that "we learn by doing". The natural instinct of children to imitate, to personify, to dramatise, is very strong, and can be most successfully used as a factor in education. To describe or moralise requires more fully developed powers of comparison and reflection, and should therefore be left to a later stage. Thus the most suitable form of verse for our purpose is the *dramatic lyric*, or *ballad*, and it will be found that the children's interest in these is greatly intensified, if the best reciters in the class are allowed to take individual characters, the connecting narrative being recited by the class in chorus. This method has been carefully adopted throughout the present selections.

The poems here given are intended for use in the III. and IV. Forms of a Public School. For a II. Form it is scarcely necessary to make such selections, for, as the teaching in this case could be entirely oral, the teacher would have a comparatively large range of choice, and could take up any piece that seemed specially appropriate to the capacities and circumstances of the children. On the other hand, the V. and VI. Forms will probably not be allowed a separate Recitation lesson in their time-table,

and must therefore be limited to such passages from their "Set Books" as can be wedged into the Literature lesson.

The order in which the specimens are arranged may not at first sight be very apparent, but it is intended to be that of emotional gradation, beginning with the simpler and more humorous subjects, and proceeding gradually to a more complex interpretation of character, involving the elements of tragedy. At the same time the poetic language and imagery, the general familiarity or remoteness of ideas, have all to be taken into consideration. There is one piece, however, that might be relegated to a later position, according to the previous culture of the pupils, as it requires a delicate appreciation of satire to bring out the full meaning; this is, the "Rationalistic Chicken". It is needless to state, that this order need not be strictly followed, if any other should be preferred. As it might be thought to harmonise better with the curricula of some schools, if the literary training of the pupils were made to follow the successive stages of human civilisation, I will give a classification of the poems approximately in this latter order.

<i>Animal stories</i> . . .	{ The Singing Lesson. Shelter. The Owl Critic.	
<i>Red Indian myth</i> . .	Hiawatha.	
<i>Egyptian myth</i> . .	The Crocodile King.	
<i>Greek myth</i> . . .	{ Persephone. Ariadne.	
<i>Persian myth</i> . . .	Paradise and the Peri.	
<i>Gaelic tradition</i> . .	Comala.	3rd cent.
<i>Scandinavian saga</i> .	{ Tegnèr's Drápa. The Lay of Gudrun. The Knight Sir Augé.	

	O the Shamrock !	
	King Arthur.	6th cent.
	The Singing Leaves.	
<i>Medieval and fairy myth</i>	The Weir'd Lady.	10th cent. ?
	Alice Brand.	12th cent. ?
	Thomas the Rhymer.	13th cent.
	Glenfinlas.	
	Christabel.	16th cent. ?
	The Brown Rosary.	
	The Golden Legend.	12th cent.
	A Christmas Carol.	12th cent.
	Sir Patrick Spens.	13th cent.
	The Bard.	13th cent.
<i>Historic poems . .</i>	Lay of the Brave Man.	
	The King's Tragedy.	1437.
	High Tide on the Lincoln- shire Coast.	1571.
	A Greyport Legend.	17—?
	He's ower the Hills.	1745.
<i>Modern times . .</i>	The Fugitives.	18th cent. ?
	A Wet Sheet.	19th cent.
	The Aged Stranger.	19th cent.
	The Rationalistic Chicken.	19th cent.

Regarded in such a light, this collection, small though it be, represents several different ages in the world's history, and has been chosen with a view to arousing the interest of pupils in many countries besides their own. If *geographically* classified, the poems can be referred to England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany, France, Italy, Normandy ("The Weir'd Lady" ?), Denmark, Iceland, Greece, Persia, Egypt, America. Opportunities can thus be found for introducing facts with regard to the scenery, national costumes, and manners and customs of those countries.

I firmly believe in the great helpfulness of *illustrations*

in all Literature teaching. A good teacher will find it advisable to form a private collection of pictures for future use. Illustrated papers and book catalogues often furnish very good material, if the prints are carefully coloured by hand, to make them more striking and effective. A few lines on the blackboard, especially if coloured chalks are used, will often give quite a good idea of scenery. A very useful exercise is to let the class occasionally make their own illustrations, the teacher giving the subject, and a few clear instructions as to the details of the picture. In this case the pupils might be allowed to trace in the chief figures from any available illustrations they can find at home, and to colour the whole according to their own taste. I have obtained in this way some surprisingly good and really original results from former pupils.

A few words now about the *method* which I have found most useful in teaching Recitation.

1st step. The teacher gives a lesson on the poem as a whole, explaining the story, scenery, characters, etc., so that the pupils understand what they are going to learn about, and are tuned to the right key of emotion.

2nd step. The pupils shut their books, and the teacher recites a line or two of the poem, slowly, with careful expression. The class then repeat this line altogether, until they can do it quite correctly, with somewhat similar expression. When they have studied a verse in this way, their accuracy can be tested by calling upon individual pupils to recite the verse. This is continued verse by verse, till the whole passage set for the next lesson is thus mastered. Attention is fixed on the voice only, no gestures being introduced, and is specially directed to the following points:—

1. *Accuracy of language.*

2. *Rate of speaking.* This should be slow rather than fast, but should not be too uniform. A quickened rate

denotes gaiety, encouragement, while a retarded rate gives more weight to the impressiveness of the statement, or suggests sorrow.

3. *Pauses.* These should be quite distinctly marked, and it will probably be found difficult at first to insist on the pupils making them long enough to be effective. Some outward sign, as the teacher's raised hand, might help to mark the proper duration at first. When carefully introduced, they will be found to greatly enhance the effect. Every pause is marked by a dash (—) throughout this book, and is intended to be carefully observed.

3rd step. In the next lesson, the class repeat the verses learnt, either individually, or three or four pupils together, and take new verses. The passage already learnt can then be studied with reference to these further points.

4. *Distinctness of articulation*, especially with regard to final consonants, which must, however, not be accented too strongly.

5. *Modulation of the voice*, varying from loud to soft, but always remaining distinctly audible. Pupils must be warned against a natural tendency to quicken the rate too much, when increasing the voice in loudness. As a due modulation involves careful previous study of the poem on the part of the teacher, I have endeavoured to lighten the work by introducing the signs that most pupils will have already learnt to recognise through their music lessons or choral practices. I will give a list of the chief signs used.

Fortissimo, ff., very loud.

Forte, f., loud.

Mezzoforte, mf., moderately loud.

Mezzopiano, mp., moderately soft.

Piano, p., soft.

Pianissimo, pp., very soft (seldom possible, except when individuals are speaking).

Crescendo, cres., growing louder gradually.

Diminuendo, dim., growing softer gradually.

Lento, slowly and calmly.

Accelerando, growing quicker.

Vivace, quickly and brightly.

Maesto, sorrowfully.

Maestoso, solemnly.

Sotto voce, in a low (awe-struck) tone.

Agitato, in an agitated manner.

These are the principal terms used, and the fact of their familiarity will make their abbreviations easily recognised.

6. *Pitch*. For recitation, the pitch of the voice should be somewhat higher than the ordinary speaking tone, especially if the voices are required to fill a large hall. Some children do not easily understand this, and pitch their voices too low, while others dwell on one tone, which becomes decidedly "monotonous". The latter defect can best be remedied by examples given by the teacher, with the variations of pitch a little exaggerated. The former defect can be removed, and the children's voices rendered more musical, by giving them practice in *intoning* a verse—the whole class keeping accurately to the note given by the teacher, who should also vary the note within limits. About middle G on the piano is a good pitch for such practice. I have found this make a distinct improvement in some rather harsh voices.

4th step. When the recitation has been so far perfected, a few appropriate *gestures* can be introduced, these being first shown to the class by the teacher, while reciting. There is, I know, a divided opinion as to the wisdom of teaching children to use gesture of any kind. A Swiss educationalist told me it was avoided in their public schools because they thought:—

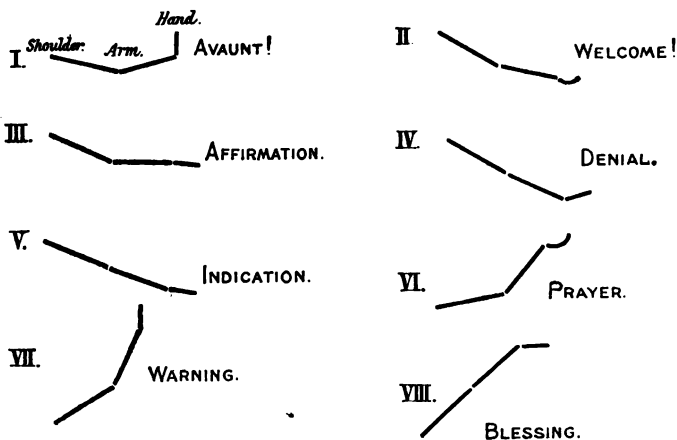
a. That it savoured of the theatrical and unreal, since sufficient expression could be conveyed by the voice alone.

b. That in large mixed classes, the boys might be inclined to turn the gestures into ridicule or rudeness.

The latter objection does not apply to unmixed classes, where the teacher possesses the power of firm discipline.

The former does not apply, if the gestures are *not overdone*, as a certain amount of gesture is natural to children, and helps them to enter into the dramatic spirit of the poem.

In this book I have indicated by asterisks the places where appropriate gestures might be introduced by the teacher. To those who have not given much study to this subject I will add, that gestures, if made at all, must be made decisively, and with the whole arm from the shoulder, not merely from the elbow or wrist. The following diagrams may perhaps help to indicate some of the different ways in which gesture can aid in the expression of feeling.



If the gesture is to be made by the whole class, care should be taken that all pupils use the *same* arm in the *same* way, as if it were part of a drill practice.

When the whole poem has been learnt, the children can begin to take parts, these being of course assigned to those pupils who have acquitted themselves the best so far. The rest of the class will form the chorus, and recite the narrative. A certain amount of practice will be needed to ensure that the chorus and the individual characters all come in at the right time. One advantage of letting all the class learn the whole poem is, that any member of it would be ready either to take a leading part or to recite the poem in monologue, if required.

As has been already suggested, these lessons can be made to some extent useful as a means of *Voice Training*. Care should therefore be taken that all clothing worn by the pupils is loose and comfortable, so that they can breathe and move with perfect ease. A few simple breathing exercises at the beginning of the lesson would improve the quality of the voices. The teacher should then see that the children practise abdominal breathing, inflating the whole of the lungs, not merely the upper part of them. One easy exercise is for the teacher to count 1—2, while the pupils gradually inhale a deep breath, slowly raising their extended arms till they meet above the head, and rising on tip-toe at the same time. At the signal 2, they begin letting out the breath slowly, lowering their arms and letting their heels sink to the ground, until the process of expiration is finished. Many other exercises may be found in books explaining the Emil-Behnke system, which cost about 1s. 6d. each.

During each lesson, the pupils should sometimes sit, sometimes stand, as this change of position will help to keep their attention fixed. The new work can be learnt by them while seated, but the actual recitation should be given standing, especially where gestures are introduced. See that the children rise promptly together, and stand upright, on both feet, with their arms hanging freely at their sides.

Leaning against a wall or desk conveys the notion of needing support, and thus weakens the general impression of the Recitation.

In conclusion, I hope that this little book may be the means of increasing the interest both of teachers and pupils in the subject of Class Recitation.

My thanks are specially due to Mrs. Calverley and to Messrs. George Bell & Sons, publishers, for kindly allowing me to include the poem of "Shelter," by the late C. S. Calverley; to the Rev. S. J. Stone, for his permission to insert the "Rationalistic Chicken"; to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for "The Weird Lady," by Charles Kingsley; to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, for the well-known poem by J. T. Fields, "The Owl Critic"; also to those various publishers owing to whose kindness I have been permitted to make use of "The Singing Lesson," and poems by J. R. Lowell, Bret Harte and Jean Ingelow; also to reprint selections from "The King's Tragedy" and the "Lay of the Brown Rosary," by which means I sincerely hope to increase the knowledge and appreciation of these beautiful poems.

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THE SINGING LESSON.

11

THE SINGING LESSON.

Subject. A nightingale, who has made a mistake in her song, is encouraged by a dove to try again, in spite of the jeers of other singing birds. She does so, and bursts into such glorious melody, that people wandering through the wood stop to listen.

Scene. A glade in a wood.

Characters. 1. The nightingale.
2. The dove.
3 and 4. Lark and thrush.
5. The people—villagers.
6. Chorus of birds.

I.—THE FAILURE.

1.

Chorus. *f.* A Nightingale made a mistake!—
pp. She sang a few notes out of tune—
p. Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon!
cres. She wrung * her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to weep,—
dim. So tucked * her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep!

II.—THE MOCKERS.

2.

f. A Lark, arm-in-arm * with a Thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;—
p. The Nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
mf. She *knew* they had heard her song,
She *felt* them snigger and sneer,—
She thought—that this life was too long,
And *wished* she could skip a year!

* *Note.* Asterisks indicate where appropriate gestures may be found helpful.

III.—THE COMFORTER.

3.

Dove. "O Nightingale!"—
Chorus. p. Cooed a Dove;—
Dove. "O Nightingale!—what's the use?—
 You bird of beauty and love,
 Why behave like a goose?
 Don't skulk away from our sight
 Like common contemptible fowl;
 You bird of joy and delight,
 Why behave like an owl?"

4.

schierzando. "Only think of all you *have* done,—
 Only think of all you *can* do;
 A false note is really *fun*.
 From such a bird as *you*!—
 Lift up * your proud little crest;
 Open your musical beak;
 Other * birds have to do their *best*,
 But *you* * need only *speak*."

IV.—TRUE VICTORY.

5.

Chorus. lento. The Nightingale *—shyly took
 Her head from under her wing,
 And—giving * the Dove a look,—
accelerando. Straightway began to sing.—
sforzando. There was never a bird could pass,—
pp. The night was divinely calm,—
p. And the people *—stood on the grass
 To hear that wonderful psalm!

6.

mf. The *Nightingale* did not care,—
She only sang to the *skies* ;—
cres. Her song ascended there,
f. And *there* she fixed her eyes.
mf. The people who listened below
 She knew but *little* about ;

scherzando. And this story's a moral, I know,
 If you'll try to find it out !

—EÔINÈIN.

Motif. Self-consciousness leads to failure and weakness, but devotion to art for its own sake gives courage, and results in success.

[This poem is taken from "Aunt Judy's Mayday Volume for Young People," edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, 1887. It is also published in "Poems Written for a Child," by two friends, 1868.]

SHELTER.

Subject. A nymph-like being is resting on the shore of a lake, when she is alarmed by the shouts of a rough troop of hunters drawing near, and seeks refuge in the dark waters, which close over her.

Scene. The grassy bank of a wide lake bordered with rushes ; a few alder-trees are bending over it.

Characters. 1. The water-rat.
 2. The poet who is speaking.

I.—THE NYMPH AT REST.

lento. By the wide lake's margin I marked her * lie—
 The wide, weird lake, where the alders sigh—
 A young fair thing, with a shy, soft eye ;
 And I deemed—that her thoughts had flown
 To her home, and her brethren, and sisters dear,
 As she lay there, watching the dark, deep mere,
 All motionless,—all alone.

II.—HER REPOSE DISTURBED.

- agitato.* Then I heard* a noise, as of men and boys,
 And a boisterous troop drew nigh,
 Whither* now will retreat those fairy feet?
 Where hide till the storm pass by?
- cres.* One glance*—the wild glance of a hunted thing—
 She cast behind her;—she gave *one* spring*:
- ff.* And there followed a *splash**—and a broadening*
 ring,
- dim.* On the lake where the alders sigh.

III.—THE PLACE OF SAFETY.

- lento.* She had gone from the ken of ungente men:
 Yet scarce did I mourn for that;
 For I knew she was safe in her own home then,
 And, the danger past, would appear again,—
- vivace.* For she—was a water-rat!

—C. S. CALVERLEY.

[Charles Stuart Calverley was born at Martley, in Worcester-shire, in 1831. He was educated at Harrow, Balliol College, Oxford, and Christ's College, Cambridge. He was afterwards engaged in college work at Cambridge, and in 1862 published *Verses and Translations*, a book of short poems. He married his cousin Ellen Calverley, of Oulton, in Yorkshire; was admitted to the bar, and took up his abode permanently in London, until a skating accident interrupted his active career. From this time he lived in retirement, enjoying the society of his family and friends, and occupying himself with his favourite studies, until his death in 1884. He is affectionately remembered by his friends as having a quaint, elvish humour, a keen love of jokes, great musical talent, and a singular charm of conversation. A later volume of his poems, in which "Shelter" occurs, is called "*Flyleaves*; by C. S. C.". See *The Literary Remains of Charles Stuart Calverley*, with a memoir by W. J. Sendall, 1885.]

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

Subject. A sea-captain is addressing his men as they set sail from England, on a stormy evening, bound for a long voyage.

Scene. The deck of a schooner that is scudding before the wind, with all sails set. The coast-line of England is growing dim in the distance. The crescent moon, surrounded by a halo, is shining overhead, and from a low bank of stormclouds on the horizon, the lightning flashes at intervals. The captain stands on the bridge with his wife beside him, a fleecy white shawl thrown lightly over her shoulders, while the sailors are grouped about on the deck.

Characters. 1. The captain.
2. His wife.
3. Chorus of sailors.

1.

Captain. mf. "A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white * and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast ;"

Chorus. f. And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away * the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

2.

The Wife. p. "O for a soft and gentle wind !"

Captain. mf. "I hear a fair one cry ;—
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high !"

Chorus. f. And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

3.

Captain. *f.* "There's tempest in yon * hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud !
But hark * the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud :"—

Chorus. *ff.* The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.
(1784-1842.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(From the French of Noel Bourguignon de Gui Barozai.)

Subject. A number of French peasants, representing people of various different occupations, are gathered together at Christmas, and are inciting each other to join in carol-singing.

Scene. The interior of a French cottage, with a fire of logs blazing brightly on the hearth. Around the fire is gathered a group including a minstrel, gleeman, shepherd, shepherdess, nun, washerwoman, and other peasants, men and boys, or old women and maidens. Each of these sings a verse in turn, and the rest join in the chorus.

1.

Minstrel. *mf.* I hear along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs ;
Hark! * they play so sweet
On their hautboys, Christmas songs !

Chorus. *f.* Let us by the fire
cres. Ever higher
ff. Sing them till the night expire.

2.

Gleeman. *mf.* In December ring
Every day the chimes ;

Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.

Chorus. *f.* Let us by the fire
cres. Ever higher
ff. Sing them till the night expire.

3.

Shepherd. *mf.* Shepherds at the grange,*
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.

Chorus. *f.* Let us by the fire
cres. Ever higher
ff. Sing them till the night expire.

4.

Shepherdess. *mf.* These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.

Chorus. *f.* Let us by the fire
cres. Ever higher
ff. Sing them till the night expire.

5.

Nun. *mp.* Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have tried.

Chorus. *f.* Let us by the fire
cres. Ever higher
ff. Sing them till the night expire.

6.

Washerwoman. *mf.* Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,*

Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.

Chorus. *f.* Let us by the fire
 cres. Ever higher
 ff. Sing them till the night expire.

7.

Peasant. *mf.* Who by the fireside stands,
 Stamps * his feet and sings;
 But he who blows * his hands
 Not so gay a carol brings.

Chorus. *f.* Let us by the fire
 cres. Ever higher
 ff. Sing them till the night expire.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS.

History. This modern Jacobite song refers to the Rebellion of 1745, when Charles Edward, the *young Pretender*, attempted to get the English throne. He landed in Scotland, and soon found himself at the head of a large number of brave but untrained Highlanders. They took possession of Edinburgh, and Charles lived for some time at Holyrood Palace. His troops defeated the royal army at Prestonpans and at Falkirk, but after a fruitless invasion of England, he was totally defeated at Culloden. A price was then set on his head, but after many escapes he got back to France.

Scenery. The singer is standing on a hill-side north of Dunblane, looking towards the south.

Characters. 1. A Highland girl, perhaps Flora Macdonald.
2. *Chorus* of Highland lads or lassies.

1.

Leader. mf. He's owre the hills * that I lo'e weel,
 He's owre the hills we daurna name,
 He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.
 My faither's gane to fight for him,
 My brithers winna bide at hame;

p. My mither greets and prays for them,
And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

Chorus. f. He's owre the hills, etc.

2.

Leader. mf. The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But ah! that love maun be sincere,

p. Which still keeps true, whate'er betide,
And for his sake leaves a' beside.

Chorus. f. He's owre the hills, etc.

3.

Leader. mf. His right these hills, * his right these plains, *
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns ;

f. What lads e'er did, our lads will do,
Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.

Chorus. f. He's owre the hills, etc.

4.

Leader. mf. Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair ;
Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done,
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run!

Chorus. f. He's owre the hills, etc.

5.

Leader. f. Then draw * the claymore¹ for Charlie, then
fight

For your country, religion, and a' that is right!
Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
I'd die as aft for ane o' the three!

Chorus. ff. He's owre the hills, etc.

[This song, with music, is given in Allan Morven's *Scottish Songs*, part iii.]

¹ Sword.

Wit and Valour. May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
Love and Wit. May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom !
Chorus. ff. O the shamrock, the green, immortal
 shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native shamrock !

—T. MOORE.

THE OWL CRITIC.

Subject. An illustration of the wisdom of a Mr. Know-all, who volunteers to criticise the way in which a particular owl is stuffed, from his knowledge of the *theory* of the subject.

Scene. A barber's shop, with the sign of the striped red and white pole over the doorway. In the interior, the barber is busy shaving a customer, who is seated in a chair, with the white apron tied round his neck, and his chin well lathered. Other customers, waiting their turn, are sitting or standing about in various positions, looking at the daily papers. A white owl is fixed on a perch overhead in one corner, and attracts the attention of a young man who has just entered.

Characters. 1. The critic.
 2. The white owl.
 3. Mr. Brown, the barber (*silent*).
 4. *Chorus* of customers.

I.—THE CRITIC'S QUESTION.

Critic. "Who stuffed that * white owl?"

Chorus. No one spoke in the shop :
vivace. The barber was busy, and *he* couldn't stop ;
 The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading

The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man * who blurted out such a blunt
question ;

Not one raised his head, or e'en made a suggestion :—

lento.

And the barber kept on shaving.

II.—DEFECTS IN ARTISTIC TREATMENT.

Critic. agitato. “Don't you *see*, Mr. Brown,”

Chorus. Cried the youth, with a frown,

Critic. “How wrong the *whole thing* is, 10

How *preposterous* each wing is,

How *flattened* * the head, how *jammed*
down * the neck is,

In short, the *whole owl*, what an ignorant
wreck 'tis !

I make *no* apology :

I've learnt owl-eology ;

I've passed days and nights in a *hundred*
collections,

And cannot be blinded to *any* deflections

Arising from unskilful fingers, that fail

To stuff a bird right, from his *head* * to his
tail. *

Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown, 20

Do take the bird down,

Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock over
the town !”—

Chorus, lento.

—And the barber kept on shaving.

III.—CONTRADICTION OF MODERN THEORY.

Critic. “I've *studied* owls,

And other night-fowls,

And I tell you

What I *know* to be true.

An owl *cannot* roost
 With his limbs so unloosed ;
cres. { No owl in this world 30
 { Ever had his claws curled,
 { Ever had his legs slanted,
 { Ever had his bill canted,
 { Ever had his neck screwed
 Into *that* attitude.

f. He can't *do* it, because
 'Tis against all bird-laws
 Anatomy teaches,
 Ornithology preaches.
 An owl has a toe 40
 That *can't* turn out so.*

maesto. I've made the white owl my study for years,
 And to see *such* a job almost moves me to
 tears !

(Covers his face with his hands.)

con fuoco. Mr. Brown, I'm amazed
 You should be so gone crazed
 As to put up a bird
 In that * posture absurd !
 To *look* * at that owl really brings on a
 dizziness ;

(Turns away in disgust.)

The man who stuffed *him* doesn't *half* know
 his business !"—

Chorus, lento. —And the barber kept on shaving. 50

IV.—DEPARTURE FROM RECEIVED AUTHORITY.

Critic. "Examine those * eyes !
 I'm filled with surprise
 Taxidermists ¹ should pass

¹ Animal-stuffers.

Off on *you* such poor glass ;
 So unnatural they seem,
 They'd make Audubon¹ scream,
 And John Burroughs¹ laugh
 To encounter such chaff.—
Do take that bird down ;
 Have him stuffed again, Brown !”— 60

Chorus lento. —And the barber kept on shaving.

Critic. “ With some sawdust and bark
 I could stuff in the dark
 A bird better than *that* !
 I could make an old hat
 Look more like an owl
 Than *that* * horrid fowl,
 Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse
 leather !—
ff. In fact, about *him* there's not *one* natural
 feather.”

V.—THE CRITIC AT FAULT.

Chorus. lento. Just then, with a wink and a sly normal
 lurch, 70
 The owl—very gravely—got down from
 his perch,—
 Walked round—and regarded his fault-
 finding critic
accelerando. (Who thought he was stuffed) with a
 glance analytic,
f. And then fairly *hooted*, as if he would say,
Owl. maestoso. “ *Your* learning's at fault *this* time, anyway !
 Don't waste it again on a *live* bird, I pray.

¹ Names of American naturalists.

I'm an owl:—you're another.—Sir Critic,
good day!"

(*Bowing politely.*)

Chorus. lento.

—And the barber went on shaving. 78

—J. T. FIELDS.

[James T. Fields was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S., in 1820, and died in 1881. He published three volumes of poems, 1849, 1854, and 1858; collected and edited a complete edition of De Quincey's works, and contributed numerous essays and sketches to the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, of which he was editor. His position as partner in the Boston publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields brought him into communication with nearly all the most eminent men and women of letters in England and America; and as his relations with all were of the most friendly character, he was enabled to collect much valuable material for the series of delightful reminiscences which he published in 1871 in his magazine under the title of "Our Whispering Gallery". An extract from Miss Mitford's *Literary Recollections* shows the high esteem which Mr. Fields won from his friends.]

THE FUGITIVES.

Subject. A beautiful and noble girl is escaping with her lover in a boat from the tyranny of a harsh father, who would force her to wed against her will. The craven bridegroom dares not pursue them, but the father orders his castle guns to fire on their vessel, and himself calls down curses on the head of his only daughter. Meanwhile the lovers, heedless of his anger and of the fury of the storm, defy all danger, secure in their love for one another. With this poem may be compared Scott's "Lochinvar," and Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter".

Scene. The shore of a rocky island off the Italian coast. On the cliff stands a strongly fortified castle, with many lighted windows. The night is dark, the sky overcast, and a fierce thunderstorm is raging, while a small boat, containing two persons only, is tossing on the crested waves.

- Characters.*
1. The lover, a young Italian.
 2. The maiden, a Count's daughter.
 3. *Chorus* of the maiden's attendants.

In this poem the *Chorus* can be divided into two bands, one taking the *Strophe*, the other the *Antistrophe*.

I.—THE SEASHORE.

vivace.

Strophe. The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
Antistrophe. The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Full. ff. Away!

Strophe. The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
Antistrophe. The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Full. ff. Come away!

10

Strophe. The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion :
Antistrophe. Bird, beast, man and worm,
Have crept out of the storm—
Full. ff. Come away!

II.—THE BOAT LAUNCHED.

Lover. “Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale ;—
A bold pilot, I trow,
Who should follow us now,”—

Chorus. Shouted he— 20

Chorus. And she cried :

Maiden. “Ply the oar,
Put off gaily from shore !”

Strophe. As she spoke, bolts of death
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea.

Antistrophe. And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon-cloud broke,

Full. *ff.* Though dumb in the blast,
 The red cannon flashed fast
 From the lee. 30

III.—THE VOYAGE.

Lover. “ And fear’st thou, and fear’st thou ? ”

Maiden. “ And see’st thou, and hear’st thou ? ”

Lover. “ And drive we not free
 O’er the terrible sea,
 I and thou ? ”

Strophe. One boat-cloak did cover
 The loved and the lover—

Antistrophe. Their blood beats one measure,
 They murmur proud pleasure
 Soft and low ;— 40

Full. *ff.* While around, the lashed ocean,
 Like mountains in motion,
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,
 Sunk, shattered and shifted,
 To and fro.

IV.—THE FORSAKEN HOME.

Strophe.

lento. In the court of the fortress
 Beside the pale portress,
 Like a bloodhound well beaten
 The bridegroom stands, eaten
 By shame ; 50

Antistrophe. On the topmost watch-turret,
 basso. As a death-boding spirit,
 Stands the grey tyrant-father,
 To his voice the mad weather
 Seems tame ;

Full. *ff.* And with curses as wild
 As e'er cling to child,
 He devotes to the blast
 The best, loveliest and last
 Of his name !

60

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
 (1821.)

[Mrs. Shelley writes, in the Preface to her edition of her husband's poems: "The qualities that struck any one newly introduced to Shelley, were, first, a gentle and cordial goodness that animated his intercourse with warm affection and helpful sympathy. The other, the eagerness and ardour with which he was attached to the cause of human happiness and improvement ; and the fervent eloquence with which he discussed such subjects. . . . He was generous to imprudence, devoted to heroism. . . . His poems may be divided into two classes—the purely imaginative, and those which sprung from the emotions of his heart. His conception of love was exalted, absorbing, allied to all that is purest and noblest in our nature, and warmed by earnest passion." The year 1821 was chiefly spent at Pisa, where Shelley greatly enjoyed boating on the Arno. Still his passion was the ocean, and on this account they went to live next spring on the Bay of Spezia. Shelley was drowned in a storm while boating off the coast of Leghorn, in July, 1822, and buried in the cemetery at Rome.]

THE SINGING LEAVES.

Subject. The story of this poem may be compared with the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast. Of the king's three daughters, the two eldest ask him for fine clothes and jewels, but the youngest asks for the singing leaves. These are procured for her by Walter, the king's page, who, though poor in worldly goods, is richer than all others in his gift of song, and in the wealth of his love for her. The treasures of love and art are greater and more enduring than the vanity of this world's goods.

Scenes. In part i. the stone steps of the king's palace, on which the three princesses are standing. The two elder are dressed in flowing silken robes of pale pink and blue, the youngest in a simple robe of white. The king, clad in golden armour, with a scarlet mantle, stands on the lowest step, ready to mount, while Walter the page, with his lute slung round his neck, is holding his master's horse.

In part ii. the *first* scene is that of Vanity Fair, of which the following description is given in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*: "Beelzebub, Apollyon and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not. And moreover at this fair there are at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind."

The *second* scene is in the greenwood, where the king rides down a grassy glade, among pines, aspens and other trees.

In part iii. the scene is again the courtyard of the castle and the palace steps.

- Characters.*
1. The king.
 2. The eldest daughter.
 3. The second daughter.
 4. The youngest daughter.
 5. Walter the page.
 6. The first singing leaf.
 7. The second singing leaf.
 8. The third singing leaf.
 9. *Chorus* of forest leaves.

PART I.—THE KING AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

(a) THE KING'S QUESTION.

1.

- King.* "What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Chorus. Said the king to his daughters three;
King. "For I to Vanity Fair am boun;
 Now say, what shall they be?"

(b) THE THREE REQUESTS.

2.

- Chorus. mf.* Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
 That lady tall and grand:
1st princess. "O bring me pearls and diamonds great
 And gold rings * for my hand".

3.

- Chorus.* *mf.* Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red :
2nd princess. “ For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb* for my head ”.

4.

- Chorus.* *p.* Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown :

5.

- 3rd princess.* “ There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,*
‘ Ask thou for the singing leaves ’ ”.

(c) THE KING'S REPLY.

6.

- Chorus.* *f.* Then the brow of the king swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn :
King. *f.* “ Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,*
And chosen as ye were born ;

7.

- “ But *she** like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves ! ”
Chorus. *p.* Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said,
King. *p.* “ Thou shalt have thy leaves ”.

PART II.—THE SEARCH FOR THE LEAVES.

(a) THE SEARCH FAILS.

8.

Chorus. *vivace.* { He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the
silk,—
lento. But no singing leaves were there.

9.

mf. Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
King. “O, if you have ever a singing leaf,
I pray you, give * it me!”

10.

Chorus. mf. But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,—
p. Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

11.

cres. { Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
ff. { That fell ever faster and faster,—
p. Then faltered to silence again.

(b) THE PAGE'S OFFER.

12.

King. “O where shall I find a little foot-page,
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the singing leaves,
If they grow under the moon?”

13.

Chorus. Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran :—
Page. “Now pledge * ye me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

14.

“That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,—
And the princess shall get the singing
leaves,—
lento. Or mine be a traitor's fate.”

(c) THE KING'S PROMISE.

15.

Chorus. The king's head * dropt upon his breast.
A moment, as it might be :—
King. “'Twill be my dog,”
Chorus. He thought,—and said,
King. “My faith I plight * to thee”.

16.

Chorus. Then Walter took * from next his heart
A packet small and thin,—
Page. “Now give you this * to the Princess Anne,
The singing leaves are therein”.

PART III.—THE GIFT OF THE LEAVES.

(a) THE KING'S RETURN.

17.

Chorus. As the king rode in at his castle-gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And,

3rd princess.

"Welcome, father!"

Chorus.

She laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

18.

King.

"Lo, here * the singing leaves,"

Chorus.

quoth he,

King.

* "And woe! but they cost me dear!"

Chorus.

She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

19.

lento. It deepened down till it reached her heart,
vivace. And then *gushed* up again,
And lighted her tears—as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

(b) THE LEAVES' MESSAGE.

20.

And the first leaf, when it was opened,
Sang,

1st leaf.

"I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage".

21.

Chorus.

And the second leaf sang,

2nd leaf.

"But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee".

22.

Chorus.

And the third leaf sang,

3rd leaf.

"Be mine! be mine!"

Chorus. And ever it sang,
3rd leaf. "Be mine!"
Chorus. Then sweeter it sang, and ever sweeter,
 And said,
3rd leaf. "I am thine! thine! thine!"

23.

Chorus. At the first leaf she grew pale enough,
 At the second, she turned aside,
 At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
 With a rose's red heart's tide.

24.

3rd princess. "Good counsel gave the bird,"
Chorus. said she:
3rd princess. "I have my hope thrice o'er,
 For they sing to my very heart,"
Chorus. she said,
3rd princess. "And it sings to them evermore."

(c) MUTUAL GIFTS.

25.

Chorus. She brought to him her beauty and truth,
 But and broad earldoms three,
 And he made her queen of the broader lands
 He held of his lute in fee.

—J. R. LOWELL.

[James Russell Lowell, born in 1819, in Boston, United States, is best known as the author of "The Biglow Papers," and the editor of the *North American Review*. He was Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard Cottage, U.S., and died on 12th August, 1892.]

THE KING OF THE CROCODILES.

"The people at Isna, in Upper Egypt, have a superstition concerning crocodiles similar to that entertained in the West Indies; they say there is a king of them who resides near Isna, and who has ears, but no tail; and he possesses an uncommon regal quality, that of doing no harm. Some are bold enough to assert that they have seen him."—Brown's *Travels*.

Subject. An Egyptian woman, whose son has been devoured by a crocodile, visits the Crocodile king in the Island of Reeds, during the absence of the queen, and revenges herself by breaking the eggs, and killing and carrying away six young prince crocodiles. Mere brute force and cruelty are not a match for woman's wit, when sharpened by the desire for justice and vengeance.

Scene. An afternoon on the banks of the river Nile—low flat sandy shores, a lazily flowing river, edged with thick clumps of reeds and bulrushes. Storks and other water-birds wade in the shallows of the river, and here and there a palm-tree rises up against the dazzling glare of the blue sky. A single boatman is paddling his boat down the stream, towards a woman who is making signs of distress from the bank.

- Characters.*
1. An Egyptian woman.
 2. A boatman.
 3. The king of the crocodiles.
 4. The queen of the crocodiles.
 5. *Chorus* of Egyptian women and neighbours.

PART I.—CROCODILE JUSTICE.

I.—THE WOMAN AND THE BOATMAN.

Boatman.

1.

- mf.* "Now, woman, why without your veil?
cres. And wherefore do you look so pale?
 And, woman, why do you groan so sadly,
ff. And wherefore beat your bosom madly?"

Woman.

2.

- agitato.* "Oh, I have lost my darling child,
 And that's the loss that makes me wild;—
 He stooped to the river down to drink,
 And there was a crocodile by the brink.

3.

“ He did not venture in to swim,
 He only stooped to drink at the brim ;—
pp. But under the reeds the crocodile lay,
accelerando. And *struck* * with his tail, and *swept* * him away.

4.

dolce. “ Now take me in your boat, I pray,
 For down the river lies my way,
 And me to the Reed Island bring,—
f. For *I will go* to the crocodile king.

5.

piangendo. “ And to the king I will complain,
 How my poor child was wickedly slain ;
 The king of the crocodiles he is good,—
basso. And I shall have the murderer’s blood.”

6.

Chorus. The man replied,
Boatman. f. “ No, woman, no,
 To the Island of Reeds I will not go ;
 I would not for *any worldly thing*
 See the face of the crocodile king ”.

Woman.

7.

dolce. “ Then lend me now your little boat,
 And I will down the river float.
f. I tell thee that *no worldly thing*
 Shall keep me from the crocodile king.”

II.—HER INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

8.

Chorus. mf. The woman she leapt into the boat,
 And down the river alone did she float,
 And fast with the stream the boat proceeds,—
 And now she is come to the Island of Reeds.

9.

lento. The king of the crocodiles there * was seen,
He sat upon the eggs of the queen,
And all around,* a numerous rout,
The young prince crocodiles crawled about.

10.

p. The woman shook every limb with fear,
As she to the crocodile king came near,—
For never man without fear and awe
The face of his crocodile majesty saw.

11.

She fell upon her bended knee,
And said,
Woman. “O king, have pity on me,*
agitato. For I have lost my darling child,
And that’s the loss that makes me wild.

12.

“A crocodile ate him for his food :
f. Now let me have the murderer’s blood :
Let me have vengeance for my boy,
The only thing that can give me joy.

13.

mf. “I know that you, sire ! never do wrong,
You have no tail so stiff and strong,
You have no tail to strike and slay,—
But you have ears to hear what I say.”

14.

King. “You have done well,”
Chorus. the king replies,
And fixed on her his little eyes ;
King. p. “Good woman, yes, you have done right,—
But you have not described me quite.

15.

- cres.* "I have *no tail* to strike and slay,
And I have *ears* to hear what you say ;
ff. I have *teeth*, moreover, as you may see,
And I will make a meal of thee."

PART II.—THE TABLES TURNED.

III.—HER REVENGE.

16.

- Chorus. f.* Wicked the word and bootless the boast,
As cruel king crocodile found to his cost,
And proper reward of tyrannical might,
He showed his teeth,—but he missed his bite.

17.

- Woman.* "A meal of me!"
Chorus. the woman cried,
accelerando. Taking wit in her anger, and courage beside ;
She took him his forelegs and hind between,
And trundled * him off the eggs of the queen.

18.

- lento.* To revenge herself then she did not fail,—
He was slow in his motions for want of a tail ;—
But well for the woman was it, the while,
That the queen was gadding abroad in the Nile.

IV.—THE QUEEN'S RETURN.

19.

- mf.* When the crocodile queen came home, she found
That her eggs were broken and scattered around,
And that six young princes, darlings all,
Were missing,—for none of them answered her
call.

20.

f. Then many a not very pleasant thing
Passed between her and the crocodile king :

Queen. ff. " Is this * your care of the nest ? "

Chorus. cried she ;

King. " It comes of your gadding abroad, "

Chorus. said he.

21.

f. In woeful patience he let her rail,
Standing less in fear of her tongue than her tail,
And knowing, that *all* the words that were
spoken
Could not mend *one* of the eggs that were broken.

V.—THE FUNERAL SUPPER.

22.

mf. The woman, meantime, was very well pleased,
She had saved her life, and her heart was eased ;
The justice she asked in vain for her son
She had taken herself, and *six* for *one*.

23.

Neighbours. " Mash-Allah ! "

Chorus. her neighbours exclaimed in
delight,

She gave them a funeral supper that night,
scherzando. Where they all agreed—that revenge was sweet,
And young prince crocodiles delicate meat.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(Published in 1838.)

[Robert Southey was born at Bristol in 1774. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Balliol College, Oxford.

After visiting Lisbon he entered at Gray's Inn, but did not long continue the study of law. He wrote an epic poem, "Joan of Arc," and in 1801, a brilliant Eastern poem, called "Thalaba the Destroyer". In 1804 he went to live near Keswick, having Coleridge with him, and Wordsworth dwelling only fourteen miles away. In 1813 Southey was made Poet-laureate, and a few years later received the degree of LL.D. In 1835 he received a pension of £300 per annum. He was twice married, and died at Greta in 1843. He is especially remembered for his ballads and prose writings, particularly the lives of Nelson and Cowper.]

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT. (CANTO XXI.)

Origin. This epic poem was composed by Longfellow, being founded on many traditions which he had collected from among the Red Indians of North America. These legends centred mainly round a great chief, Hiawatha, who taught his people various arts, such as hunting, fishing, sailing, picture-writing, etc. He also understood the languages of animals and birds, and possessed the gift of healing. After having lived long among his tribe, wedded the beautiful Minnehaha, and after many happy years been bereaved of her by death, he departed mysteriously from among them, leaving them with the hope that he would return at some future time to rule over them again.

Subject. This extract is taken from the last canto but one of the poem, after Minnehaha's death, and shortly before Hiawatha's departure. It describes the return of old Iagoo, the great boaster and experienced traveller, with his wonderful stories of all he has seen during his travels.

Scene. The Indian encampment on the shores of the great lake, the shining Big-Sea-Water. The spring has come with all its splendour of birds and blossoms, and the sorrowful Hiawatha comes forth from his wigwam to gaze upon them.

Characters. 1. Hiawatha.
2. Iagoo.
3. *Chorus*, in two groups: (a) warriors;
(b) women.

Chorus. mf. In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the blue-bird, the Owaissa;
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee;

- p.* In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the pigeon, the Omeme ;
- mp.* And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
- cres.* Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway, 10
- f.* Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.
- mf.* From his wanderings far * to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,¹
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
- f.* The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.
- mf.* And the people of the village 20
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing, answered him in this wise :
- Warriors. f.* " Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo ! "
- Women.* " No one else beholds such wonders ! "
- Iagoo.* " I have seen "—
- Chorus.* he said,
- Iagoo.* " a water
Bigger than the * Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitchee-Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it ! "
- Chorus. mf.* At each other looked the warriors, 30
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said,
- Warriors.* " It cannot be so ! "

¹ The east wind.

- Women.* "Kaw!"
Chorus. they said,
Women. "it cannot be so!"
- Iagoo.* "O'er it,"
Chorus. said he,
Iagoo. "o'er this water
 Came a great canoe with pinions,
 A canoe with wings came flying,
 Bigger * than a grove of pine-trees,
 Taller than the tallest tree-tops!"
- Chorus.* *f.* And the old men and the women
 Looked and tittered at each other: 40
- Warriors.* "Kaw!"
Chorus. they said,
Women. "we don't believe it!"
- Iagoo.* "From its mouth,"
Chorus. he said,
Iagoo. "to greet me,
 Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
 Came the thunder, Annemeekee!"
- Chorus.* *ff.* And the warriors and the women
 Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
Warriors. "Kaw!"
Chorus. they said,
Women. "what tales you tell us!"
- Iagoo.* "In it,"
Chorus. said he,
Iagoo. "came a people.
 In the great canoe with pinions
 Came"— 50
- Chorus.* he said,

Iagoo.

“ a hundred warriors ;

Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered ! ”

Chorus. *ff.*

And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.

Warriors.

“ Kaw ! ”

Chorus.

they said,

Warriors.

“ what lies you tell us ! ”

Women.

“ Do you think that we believe them ? ”

Chorus.

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered 60
To their jeering and their jesting :—

Hiawatha. mf.

“ True * is all Iagoo tells us ;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces.
Gitche Manito,¹ the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them * 70
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White Man's Foot in blossom.—

f.

Let us welcome * then the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.—

¹ The Master of Life.

- p.* I beheld * too, in that vision,
 All the secrets of the future, 80
 Of the distant days that shall be.
- cres.* I beheld the westward marches
 Of the unknown, crowded nations ;
 All the land was full of people,
 Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
 Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
 But one heart beat in their bosoms.
 In the woodlands rang their axes,
 Smoked their towns in all the valleys.
- ff.* Over all the lakes and rivers 90
 Rushed their great canoes of thunder.—
- p.* Then a darker, drearier vision
 Passed before me, vague and cloudlike.—
- cres.* I beheld our nation scattered,
 All forgetful of my counsels,
 Weakened, warring with each other ;
- f.* Saw the remnants of our people
 Sweeping westward, * wild and woeful,
- dim.* Like the cloudrack of a tempest,
- p.* Like the withered leaves of autumn !” 100

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ALICE BRAND.

Origin. This ballad, which occurs in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, Canto IV., was sung by the minstrel to Ellen, when the latter was seated by a rocky cave. The fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the *Kæmpe Viser*, a collection of heroic songs, first printed in 1591, and inscribed by Anders Sofresen, the collector and editor, to Sophia, Queen of Denmark.

Subject. Lord Richard, in carrying off his bride, Lady Alice Brand, accidentally slew, as he thought, her brother Ethert. On this account, Richard and Alice live the life of outlaws in the greenwood. The fairy king considers they are invading his

privileges, and sends his dwarf, Urgan, to lay upon Richard the curse of the withered heart. Alice bravely defends her husband, and conjures the dwarf to tell the story of his enchantment. On learning that he is in reality her brother Ethert, she breaks the spell that binds him, and they all return happily together to Dunfermline.

Scene. The greenwood, not far from the city of Dunfermline in Scotland. The forest is the abode of wild deer, of many singing birds, and of the fairies. The scene opens before a rocky cave in the side of a hill, in the midst of the forest.

Characters. 1. Lady Alice Brand.
2. Lord Richard.
3. The fairy king.
4. Urgan, the dwarf, afterwards Ethert Brand.
5. *Chorus* of fairies.

I.—THE OUTLAW AND HIS BRIDE.

1.

Chorus. f. Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis¹ and merle² are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are
in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

2.

Richard. "O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost, for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

3.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

¹ Thrush.

² Blackbird.

4.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand * that held the glaive,¹
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

5.

"And for vest of pall,² thy fingers * small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must sheer from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."

6.

Alice.

"O Richard ! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance ;
For darkling³ was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

7.

"If pall and vair⁴ no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,*
As gay the forest green.*

8.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still, Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

¹ Sword.

² Fine cloth.

³ In the dark.

⁴ Fur.

II.—THE ELF KING'S PLOT.

9.

Chorus. f. 'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
 On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
 Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

10.

lento. Up spoke the moody elfin king,
 Who won'd¹ within the hill,—
p. Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

11.

Elf King. “Why sounds * yon stroke on beech and oak,
 Our moonlight circle's screen?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,
 Beloved of our elfin queen?²
 Or who may dare on wold to wear
 The fairies' fatal green *?³”

12.

“Up,* Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
 For thou wert christened man;⁴
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
 For muttered word or ban.

¹ Dwelt.

² Fairies are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison*, as appears, from the cause of offence taken in the original Danish ballad.

³ As the *Daoine Shi'*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour.

⁴ The elves were thought greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and hence to give a certain precedence to those mortals who had fallen into their power.

13.

sotto voce. "Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

III.—THE DWARF'S CHALLENGE.

14.

Chorus. mf. 'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is faggots bringing.

15.

Up Urgan starts,* that hideous dwarf
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
Urgan. "I fear not sign,"
Chorus. quoth the grisly elf,
Urgan. "That is made with bloody * hands".

16.

Chorus. But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,
Alice. "And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer".

17.

Urgan. f. "Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

18.

- Chorus.* Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made * the holy sign,
Alice. " And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

19.

- " And I conjure * thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us, whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here ! "

IV.—THE TRANSFORMATION.

20.

- Urgan.* " 'Tis merry, 'tis merry in fairyland,
vivace. When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's
side,
With bit and bridle ringing :

21.

- " And gaily shines the fairyland—
p. But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

22.

- cres.* " And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
dim. Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.—

23.

- p.* " It was between the night and day,
When the fairy king has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,

accelerando. And 'twixt life and death was snatched away
To the joyless elfin bower.

24.

mf. "But wist I of a woman bold,
Who *thrice* my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould—
As fair a form as thine."

25.

Chorus. She crossed * him *once*—she crossed * him
twice—
That lady was so brave ;
lento. The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

26.

She crossed * him *thrice*, that lady bold ;—
f. He rose * beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

27.

vivace. Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing !

—W. SCOTT.

[Sir Walter Scott, born at Edinburgh, 15th August, 1771, died at Abbotsford, 21st September, 1832. He excelled in almost every branch of this century's literature—as poet, historical essayist, and novelist. He did a great deal towards reviving that interest in old traditions, legends, and ballads, which has had so much influence on Victorian poetry.]

THE AGED STRANGER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

[This was the American War of Secession (1861-1865), a civil war between the northern and southern states. Grant was one of the Federal generals. The question under dispute was that of slavery. In the southern states there were some millions of slaves, mostly employed in producing sugar and cotton, while in the northern states there were no slaves of any kind. The free states demanded that slavery should not be tolerated in any new states, and Abraham Lincoln was chosen President in 1860 to enforce this doctrine. The slave states then declared themselves independent, taking the name of the "Confederate States". The war ended by the complete victory of the North, and slavery was brought to an end in the whole of the territory of the United States.—Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, vol. iii, p. 958.]

Subject. An old man begs for alms of a farmer, whose son has gone to fight in the war, and who takes it for granted that this man has been a soldier. On learning his mistake, the farmer is very angry, and drives the beggar away with blows.

Scene. The porch of an American farmhouse, a long, low, whitewashed building. "At a little distance rose the great gable end of the barn, and a long row of outhouses stretched away from it towards the left. Under an old stunted apple-tree lay a huge log, well chipped on the upper surface, with the axe resting against it; and close by were some sticks of wood, both chopped and unchopped. To the right, the ground descended gently to a beautiful plane meadow, skirted on the hither side by a row of fine apple-trees. To the left there was the garden, enclosed by a paling fence."—*The Wide, Wide World*, p. 84.

- Characters.*
1. The farmer.
 2. The aged stranger.
 3. *Chorus* of farm-servants.

I.—THE INVITATION.

1.

Stranger.

"I was with Grant"—

Chorus.

the stranger said;

Said the farmer,

Farmer. presto.

"Say no more,

But rest thee here * at my cottage porch;
For thy feet * are weary and sore".

II.—THE DEMAND FOR NEWS.

2.

Stranger.

“I was with Grant”—

Chorus.

the stranger said ;

Said the farmer,

Farmer. presto.

“Say no more,

I prithee sit at my frugal board,*

And eat of my humble store.

3.

“How fares my boy—my soldier boy
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?

maestoso.

I warrant * he bore him gallantly

In the smoke and the battle's roar ! ”

III.—THE FOREBODING.

4.

Stranger.

“I knew him not,”

Chorus.

said the aged man,

Stranger.

“And, as I remarked before,

I was with Grant”—

Farmer. presto.

“Nay, nay,* I know,”

Chorus.

Said the farmer,

Farmer.

“Say no more ;

5.

agitato. “He fell in battle * [*draws his sleeve across
his eyes*]—I see, alas !

Thou'd'st smooth these tidings o'er,—

maestoso.

Nay, speak * the truth, whatever it be,

Though it rend thy bosom's core,

6.

“How fell he,—with his face to the foe,
 Upholding * the flag he bore?
agitato. O say not that my boy disgraced
 The uniform that he wore!”

IV.—THE FACT.

7.

Stranger. “I cannot tell,”
Chorus. said the aged man,
Stranger. “And should have remarked before
lento. That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
 Some three years *before* the war.”

V.—THE SEQUEL.

8.

Chorus. *cres.* Then the farmer spake him never a word,
ff. But beat * with his fist full sore
dim. That aged man, who had worked for Grant
 Some three years before the war.

—BRET HARTE.

[Francis Bret Harte was born 25th August, 1839, at Albany, in the state of New York, U.S. When he was seventeen his father died, and he removed with his family to California. After an unsuccessful hunt for gold he opened a school, which was not much appreciated by the rough people about him. He subsequently took to journalism, then went on to periodical fiction. In 1868 he published *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, which, together with the *Heathen Chinee* (1869), made his fame in England as well as in America. He has published many other prose works and poems, characterised by their touches of humour and pathos. From 1878 to 1880, he acted as U.S. consul at Crefeld in Germany, and from 1880 to 1885 he was consul at Glasgow.]

SIR GUIDO.

Subject. Sir Guido, owing to an unconfessed sin, is the slave of an evil spirit, which has taken the form of a coal-black steed. The influence of Sir Guido's good and loving wife has not availed to free him from the power of the demon, which brings about his destruction.

Scene. The bower of Lady Guido in the knight's castle—a room hung with rich tapestry, and furnished with a carved and cushioned oaken settle. The casement window is filled with stained glass. The lady is clad in a loose flowing white robe, with closely fitting sleeves. Her golden hair is bound with a blue fillet. The knight is fully armed from head to foot in black armour.

- Characters.*
1. Sir Guido.
 2. Lady Guido.
 3. An old serving-man.
 4. *Chorus* of attendants.

I.—THE ORDER FOR THE RIDE.

Sir Guido. “Now saddle * me the coal-black steed,
And make what speed ye may,
For ill the road, and long the ride
That I must take to-day ;”

Chorus. mf. Thus speaks Sir Guido, and the groom
Hath hastened to obey.
That steed the menials shun, and deem
He hath a *fiendish* eye,
And save *one* wicked groom, they say
None may approach him nigh ; 10
And nought, they ween, goes well at home,
And none can say,

Solo. “God speed,”

Chorus. The day Sir Guido bids his groom
Bring out the coal-black steed.

II.—SIR GUIDO'S FAREWELL TO HIS LADY.

f. Sir Guido seeks his lady's bower
With look constrained but high,

Nor stops to wipe the stinging tear
That lurks in either eye.

p. He comes to bid his love farewell,—
But scarce a word can speak, 20
And 'tis a dry and burning lip
He presses on her cheek.

Lady. “The coal-black steed is in his stall
And neigheth to be free;
But there's a tempest on the wing
That must not beat on thee.
One black forbidding cloud,”

Chorus. she said,

Lady. “Bounds upward like a bomb,—
But how my heart will *bless* the storm
That keepeth thee at home!” 30

Sir Guido. “Dear heart, be gay,”

Chorus. Sir Guido said,

Sir Guido. “Until I come again;
I come”—

Chorus. mf. he said, but starts * like one
That feels a sudden pain.

p. Scarce had he spoken,—when the steed
Sends forth a dreary neigh;—

mf. 'Twas aye a sound, the menials said,
Sir Guido must obey.

III.—THE LONELY RIDE.

f. accel. Like one whose time has come, he rides
Fast, fast, and all alone; 40

Alone they see him ride,—and yet

p. The groom is also gone.

mf. The lady at her window stood
To see * him take the hill:—

p. But wherefore is her brow * so hot,
And why her heart * so chill?

mf. One moment knight and steed were seen
 Against the nether sky,
 Anon the undulating ground
 Hath swept them from her eye. 50

ff. The thunder pealed, the black clouds reeled,
 The fire-flaught flashed away,—
 There's many a stout heart yet that quakes
 Remembering that fierce day.

dim. { Nor did the storm sink till a stroke
 Of night smote out the sky,
 And from the elms the wind at fits
 Still sent a dismal sigh.

IV.—THE GHOSTLY HORSE'S TRAMP.

cres. { The lady starts :—she surely hears
 Her good knight pricking fast,— 60

p. Or is't the beating of a heart
 That soon must beat its last?

basso. The old church-bell begins to toll,—
 And hark !—a horse's tramp !

presto. Forth rush the servants in the dark,
 Each menial with a lamp.

lento. The tramp comes on :—

Servant. " I would,"

Chorus. says one,

Servant. " We had a glimpse of sky ;
 The lights burn eerie ".

Chorus. On it comes,

cres. { And now the wind is high. 70
 And now the nearing gallop shakes
 The elmy avenue ;
 God help us, how the trees did shriek,
 And how the wind it blew !

- ff.* A gust of wind, a *plash* of rain,—
dim. { The lights die with a *hiss*,—
 And night seems trebly black, but now
 The road he cannot miss.
cres. { The lights are gone, and let them go,
 He cannot miss the way— 80
ff. The *tramp* goes past them, and the steed
 Sends forth its *hideous neigh* !

V.—THE BROKEN HEART.

- lento.* By that wild neigh, be what it may,
 One poor heart there was riven :—
p. For the *next* sound Lady Guido heard
 Came from a harp in heaven. 86

—JAMES BOLIVAR MANSON.

[This ballad appeared in the author's story entitled *The Fatal Charivari*. It is given unabridged in Cassell's *Illustrated British Ballads*.

J. B. Manson, M.A., Aberdeen, was born about the year 1820, and was schoolmaster at Bannockburn from 1847 to 1858. He had long been known in the district as a facile writer, both of prose and verse. In 1858 he became editor of the *Stirling Observer*; moved thence to edit the *Newcastle Daily Express*, and in 1861 was appointed editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*—a post he held till his death in November, 1868. One of his best known poetical pieces is "Robert the Bruce: a Ballad of Bannockburn".]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

History. "The residence of this ancient bard was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. He lived at the latter end of the thirteenth century, and very shortly after his death we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. The vulgar ascribed his prophetic skill to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry.

Subject. "The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the fairyland, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. This ballad is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune."—Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Scene. A fern-covered bank near the Bogle Burn, or Goblin Brook, in a wooded glen. Huntly Bank, and the adjoining ravine, called from immemorial tradition, *the Rhymer's Glen*, were ultimately included in the domain of Abbotsford.

Characters. 1. Thomas the Rhymer.
2. The queen of fairyland.
3. *Chorus* of elves and fairies.

I.—UNDER THE EILDON TREE.

1.

Chorus. mf. True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank :
A ferlie ¹ he spied wi' his ee;
And there * he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

2.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka ² tett ³ of her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

3.

True Thomas he pulled aff his cap,
And * louted ⁴ low down to his knee,
Thomas. f. "All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see".—

¹ Wonder.

² Every.

³ Braid,

⁴ Bowed,

4.

The queen. "O no,* O no, Thomas,"

Chorus. she said,

The queen. "That name does nat belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair elf-land,
That am hither come to visit thee.

5.

"Harp and carp,¹ Thomas,"

Chorus. she said;

The queen. "Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Full sure to win you I will be."—

6.

Thomas. "Betide me weal,* betide me woe,
That weird² shall never daunt³ me."—

Chorus. Syne⁴ he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

7.

The queen. "Now ye maun go wi' me,"

Chorus. she said;

The queen. "True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

II.—THE RIDE TO THE DESERT.

8.

Chorus. She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind:

accelerando. And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

¹ Talk.

² Destiny.

³ Frighten.

⁴ Straightway.

9.

O they rade on,* and farther on ;
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind ;—
lento. Until they reached a desert wide,
 And living land was left behind.

III.—THE VISION OF THE THREE ROADS.

10.

The queen. “ Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
 And lean your head upon my knee ;
 Abide and rest a little space,
 And I will show you ferlies¹ three.

11.

“ O see ye not yon narrow * road,
 So thick beset with thorns and briers ?
That is the path of righteousness,
 Though after it but few enquires.

12.

“ And see ye not that braid,* braid road,
 That lies across that lily leven ?²
That is the path of wickedness,
 Though some call it the road to heaven.

13.

“ And see ye not that bonny * road,
 That winds about the fernie brae ?³
That is the road to fair elf-land,
 Where thou and I this night maun gae.

¹ Wonders.

² Plain.

³ Bank.

14.

“ But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,*
 Whatever ye may hear or see ;
 For if ye speak word in elflyn land,
 Ye'll *ne'er* get back to your ain countrie.”

IV.—THE LAND OF DARKNESS.

15.

Chorus. p. O they rade on,* and farther on,
cres. And they waded through rivers aboon the
 knee,
 And they saw neither sun nor moon,—
f. But they heard the roaring of the sea.

16.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae
 stern light,¹
 And they waded through red blude to the
 knee ;
sotto voce. For a' the blude that's shed on earth
 Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

V.—THE GREEN GARDEN.

17.

vivace. Syne they came to a garden green,
 And she pu'd an apple² frae a tree—
The queen. “ Take * this for thy wages, true Thomas,
 It will give thee the tongue that can never lie”.

¹ Starlight.

² The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us that the apple was the produce of the fatal tree of knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.—*Note by Sir W. Scott.*

18.

Thomas. f. "My tongue is mine ain,"

Chorus. true Thomas said ;

Thomas. "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me !

I neither dought¹ to buy or sell,

At fair or tryst where I may be.

19.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—

The queen. "Now * hold thy peace ! "

Chorus. the lady said,

The queen. "For as I say, so must it be."

20.

Chorus. He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green ;—
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

—OLD BALLAD.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

Origin. This "grand old ballad" is given in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, a collection of ballads published in 1765, and was printed by him from a manuscript sent from Scotland. There seems no doubt that it is a genuinely ancient poem.

Subject. Touching the historical basis of the poem, a suggestion has been made that it refers to the fate of the Scottish nobles who, in 1281, conveyed Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., to Norway, on the occasion of her nuptials with King Eric. On returning home from the marriage ceremony, many of the nobles were drowned.

Scenes. The poem is a tragedy in miniature, divided into five distinct scenes :—

¹ Fear, miswritten for dout or doubt.

(i.) *The Royal Palace at Dunfermline*, where the Scottish kings chiefly resided from the time of Malcolm Canmore to that of Alexander III.

(ii.) *The lonely seashore* on the coast of Fife, with its wide stretch of sand, beaten by the grey northern rollers.

(iii.) *The Royal Court of Norway*, with its hardy king, its tearful young queen and the mocking band of rough jarls.

(iv.) *The wild Northern Sea*, with the good ship and her crew struggling in the midst of a heavy gale.

(v.) *The home of Sir Patrick Spens* in Scotland—the gaily-dressed maidens and matrons waiting to welcome the return of those brave men who are lying 50 fathoms deep in mid-ocean.

- Characters.*
1. The Scottish king.
 2. Sir Patrick Spens.
 3. The Lords of Norway.
 4. The old sailor.
 5. The old knight.
 6. *Chorus* of mermaidens—or sailors.

I.—THE ROYAL PALACE.

1.

- Chorus.* *mf.* The king sits in Dunfermline town,
 Drinking the blude-red wine ;
- King.* *f.* “ O whare will I get a skeely¹ skipper
 To sail this new ship o’ mine ? ”

2.

- Chorus.* O up and spake* an eldern knight
 Sat at the king’s right knee :
- Knight.* “ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea ”.

II.—THE SEASHORE.

3.

- Chorus.* Our king has written a braid letter
 And sealed it wi’ his hand,
 And sent it to * Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the sand.

¹ Skilful.

4.

Sir Patrick (reads). "To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem ;
 The king's daughter to Noroway,
 'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

5.

Sir Patrick. *f.* "Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet,
 Our ship must sail the faem ;
 The king's daughter to Noroway,
 'Tis we must bring her hame."

III.—THE ROYAL COURT OF NORWAY.

6.

Chorus. *vivace.* They hoisted their sails on Monenday
 morn
 Wi' a' the speed they may ;
 They hae landed safe in Noroway,
 Upon a Wodensday.

7.

lento. They hadna been a week, a week,
 In Noroway but twae,
 When that the lords o' Noroway
 Began aloud to say :

8.

Lords. "Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's
 goud
 And a' our queenis fee".
Sir Patrick. *f.* "Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
 Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

9.

“ For I brought as mickle white monie
 As gane¹ my men and me,—
 And I brought a half-fou² o’ gude red
 goud
 Out-o’er the sea wi’ me.

10.

ff. “ Mak’ ready, mak’ ready, my merry
 men a’ !
 Our gude ship sails the morn.”
Sailor. “ Now * ever alake ! my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm.

11.

“ I saw the new moon late yestreen
 Wi’ the auld moon in her arm ;
 And if we gang to sea, master,
 I fear we’ll come to harm.”

IV.—THE STORM IN MID-OCEAN.

12.

Chorus. *p.* They hadna sailed upon the sea
cres. A day but barely three,
 Till loud and boisterous grew the wind,
f. And gurlly³ grew the sea.

13.

Sir Patrick. “ O where will I get a gude sailor
 To tak’ my helm in hand,
 Till I gae up * to the tall topmast
 To see if I can spy land ? ”

¹ Suffice.² Half-bushel,³ Stormy, rough.

14.

Sailor.

" O here * am I, a sailor gude,
 To tak' the helm in hand,
 Till you gae up to the tall topmast,—
 But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

15.

*Chorus.**lento.*

He hadna gane a step, a step,
 A step but barely ane,

presto.

When a bolt¹ flew out o' our goodly ship,
 And the salt sea it came in.

16.

Sir Patrick.

" Gae fetch * a web o' the silken claith,
 Anither o' the twine,
 And wap² them into our ship's side,
 And letna the sea come in."

17.

*Chorus.**cres.*

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
 Anither o' the twine,

f.

And they wapped them into that gude
 ship's side,—

mf.

But still the sea cam' in.

18.

f.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To weet their milk-white hands ;

p.

But lang ere a' the play was ower
 They wat their gouden bands.

19.

f.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To weet their cork-heeled shoon ;

p.

But lang ere a' the play was played
 They wat their hats aboon.

¹ Large rivet.² Wrap tightly, stuff.

20.

- f.* O lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' their fans into their hand,
p. Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land !

21.

- f.* And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,—
p. For them they'll see nae mair.

22.

- p.* Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathom deep ;—
And *there* lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

—OLD BALLAD.

GLENFINLAS; OR, LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

Subject. "The simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus : While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was enticed by the siren who attached herself particularly to him to leave the hut ; the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair apparitions, continued to play upon a trumpet, or Jew's harp, some strain consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose power he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women."

GLENFINLAS ; OR, LORD RONALD'S CORONACH. 69

Scenery. "Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callander in Menteith. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich."—*Notes by Sir W. Scott.*

- Characters.*
1. Lord Ronald Macgregor.
 2. Moy, a chieftain from Columba, endowed with second sight.
 3. The green lady.
 4. *Chorus* of the aged of the clan.

(The following poem of thirty-four verses is abridged from the ballad containing sixty-six verses, given in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*.)

THE CORONACH.

(*The lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.*)

1.

Chorus. "O hone a rie' ! * O hone a rie' ! ¹

ff. The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree ;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !"—

I.—THE SEER'S ARRIVAL.

2.

mf. From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's hall to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

3.

'Twas Moy ; * whom in Columba's Isle
The seer's prophetic spirit ² found,
As with a minstrel's fire the while
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

¹ "Alas for the chief !"

² The power of second sight.

4.

- p.* Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear ;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

II.—THE BOTHY IN GLENFINLAS.

5.

- mf.* O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scoured the deep Glenfinlas glen.

6.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew ;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

7.

- p.* In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook,
The solitary cabin * stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

8.

- mf.* Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their silvan fare the chiefs enjoy ;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

III.—THE SEER'S FOREBODING.

9.

- Moy.* " O thou who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the lover's kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee !

10.

sotto voce. "I see * the deathdamps chill thy brow ;
I hear thy warning spirit cry ;
The corpse-lights dance — they're gone, and
now . . .
No more is given to gifted eye ! "—

11.

Ronald. " Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
vivace. Sad prophet of the evil hour !
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour ?

12.

" E'en now, to meet me in yon * dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew."
Chorus. He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But called his dogs, and gay withdrew.

13.

p. Within an hour returned each hound ;
In rushed the coursers of the deer ;
They howled in melancholy sound,
Then closely couched beside the seer.

14.

lento. No Ronald yet, though midnight came ;—
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watchfire's quivering gleams.

IV.—THE GREEN LADY.

15.

pp. Sudden * the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl ;
Close pressed to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs and stifled growl.

16.

cres. Untouched, the harp began to ring,
As softly,*—slowly,—oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep pressed the floor.

17.

And by the watchfire's quivering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid,* in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

18.

f. All dropping wet her garments seem,
Chilled was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

19.

p. With maiden blush she softly said,
The lady. "O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen
In deep Glenfinlas' * moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green :

20.

"With her a chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?"—

21.

Moy. "And who art *thou* ? and who are *they* ?"
Chorus. All ghastly gazing, Moy replied :
Moy. "And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side ?"—

22.

The lady. "O aid me now to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost ;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost."—

23.

Moy. "First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Paternoster say ;
Then kiss with me the holy rede ;
So shall we safely wend our way."—

24.

The lady. "O shame * to knighthood, strange and foul !
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow."

25.

Chorus. { Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
presto. { And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

26.

Moy. "And thou ! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to dreaming love resigned,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sailed ye on the midnight wind ?

27.

"Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line ;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood—
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine."

28.

Chorus. p. He muttered thrice St. Oran's ¹ rhyme,
 And thrice St. Fillan's ² powerful prayer ;
 Then turned him to the eastern clime,
 And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

29.

cres. And bending o'er his harp, he flung
 His wildest witch notes on the wind ;
 And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
 As many a magic change they find.

30.

Tall waxed the spirit's altering form,
 Till to the roof her stature grew ;
 Then, mingling with the rising storm,
ff. With one wild yell away she flew.

V.—THE OMENS OF DEATH.

31.

f. Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear ;
 The slender hut in fragments flew ;
 But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
 Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

32.

ff. The voice of thunder shook the wood,
 As ceased the more than mortal yell ;
p. And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
 Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

¹ St. Oran, a friend and follower of St. Columba, buried at Icolmkill.

² St. Fillan, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife ; died a hermit in
 A.D. 649.

33.

lento. Next dropped from high a mangled arm :—
 The fingers strained an half-drawn blade :—
 And last,—the lifeblood streaming warm,—
 Torn from the trunk,—a gasping head.

THE CORONACH.

34.

ff. O hone a rie' ! O hone a rie' !
 The pride of Albin's line is o'er !
 And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree :—
 We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !
 —SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

Subject. An old hulk, filled with children at play, drifts out to sea and is lost. According to the legend, however, the spirit voices of the drowned children are a signal of relief and safety to fishers when the fog is thick in the harbour.

Scene. The harbour of an old fishing town with small houses and narrow hilly streets. The harbour is full of ships, principally fishing smacks, with their brown sails. An old pier of black weatherbeaten wood runs out at one side of the harbour. A few sailors are standing about, some of them busy in cleaning and mending their nets. A white fog hangs heavily over the sea.

Characters. 1. A skipper.
 2. His wife.
 3. Mothers of the children.
 4. *Chorus* of fisherwomen.

I.—THE ALARM.

Chorus. presto. They ran through the streets of the sea-port town :

They peered from the decks of the ships
 that lay :

lento. The cold sea-fog that came whitening
 down

Was never as cold or white as they.

The mothers. "Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden !

agitato. Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Chorus. *cres.* { Good cause for fear !—In the thick mid-day,
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear,—
f. Drifted clear beyond reach or call,—
p. Thirteen children they were in all,—
All adrift in the lower bay !

II.—THE CRY FOR HELP.

Skipper. Said a hard-faced skipper,
"God help us
all !

She will not float till the turning tide !"
Chorus. Said his wife,

Wife. "My darling will hear *my*
call,

Whether in sea or heaven she bide".
Chorus. And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
cres. Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,—
p. Till they shuddered and wondered at
her side.

III.—THE FRUITLESS SEARCH.

mf. The fog drove down on each labouring
crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and
shore :

- p.* There was not a sound but the breath
they drew
And the lap of water and creak of oar.
mf. And they felt the breath of the downs
fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold grey
stone,—
p. But not from the lips that had gone
before.

IV.—THE PHANTOM HULK.

- mf.* They come no more.—But they tell the
tale,
dim. { That, when fogs are thick on the har-
bour reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail,
For the signal they know will bring
relief :
p. For the voices of children still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never
fail.

V.—SPIRIT VOICES.

- mf.* It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page ;—
But still, when the mists of doubt pre-
vail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of
Age,
We hear,—from the misty troubled shore,—
pp. The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

—BRET HARTE.

THE WEIRD LADY.

Subject. A beautiful sorceress by her spells has kept Earl Harold for many years in her castle by the sea (perhaps in Normandy). He lies in an enchanted sleep, during which he is visited by wonderful dreams. At last he is awakened by the Virgin Mary, and bidden to return home. He finds his castle destroyed, and his lands inhabited by strangers. He beholds the corpse of a fair nun borne forth for burial, and lo! it is his own dead wife. He prays for pardon beside the grave, and a white dove flies forth from the coffin, and carries his soul up to God.

Scenes. (i.) A room in the enchanted castle, where Earl Harold lies asleep, while the weird lady waves her wand over him and bids him dream.

(ii.) The burnt and ruined castle, which was formerly Earl Harold's home in the North.

(iii.) The open grave in the churchyard, hard by the convent gate.

- Characters.*
1. Earl Harold.
 2. The weird lady.
 3. *Chorus* of mourners.

I.—THE SPELL OF THE WEIRD LADY.

1.

Chorus. The swevens¹ came up round Harold the Earl,
 Like motes in the sunnè's beam ;
 And over him stood the weird lady,
 In her charmed castle over the sea,
 Sang,

The weird lady. “ Lie thou still and dream.

2.

“ Thy steed is dead in his stall, Earl Harold,
 Since thou hast been with me ;
 The rust has eaten thy harness bright,
 And the rats have eaten thy greyhound light,
 That was so fair and free.”

¹ Dreams.

II.—EARL HAROLD'S AWAKENING.

3.

Chorus.

Mary Mother she stooped from heaven* ;
 She wakened Earl Harold out of his
 sweven,

To don his harness on ;

lento. And over the land * and over the sea
 He wended abroad to his own countrie,
 A weary way to gon.

4.

O but his beard was white with eld,
 O but his hair was grey ;
 He stumbled on by stock and stone
 And as he journeyed he made his moan
 Along that weary way.

5.

Earl Harold came to his castle* wall ;
 The gate was burnt with fire ;
 Roof and rafter were fallen down,
 The folk were strangers all in the town
 And strangers all in the shire.

III.—THE FAIR NUN'S BURIAL.

6.

Earl Harold came to a house* of nuns,
 And he heard the death-bell toll ;

p. He saw the sexton stand by a grave ;

Earl Harold. “ Now Christ have mercy, who did us
 save,

Upon yon fair nun's soul ”.

7.

Chorus. The nuns they came from the convent
gate
By one, by two, by three ;
They sang for the soul of a lady bright
Who died for the love of a traitor knight ;—
p. It was his own lady.

8.

He stayed the corpse beside the grave ;
Earl Harold. " A sign, a sign ! "
Chorus. quod he.
Earl Harold. " Mary Mother who rulest heaven,
Send me a sign if I be forgiven
By the woman who so loved me."

9.

Chorus. A white dove out of the coffin flew ;
Earl Harold's mouth it kist ;
He fell on his face, wherever he stood ;—
p. And the white dove carried his soul to
God
Or ever the bearers wist.

—C. KINGSLEY.

[Charles Kingsley was born in 1819 in the vicarage of Holne on the border of Dartmoor. He was educated at Clifton, Helston, King's College, London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge. He became curate and afterwards rector of Eversley in Hampshire. He was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, Canon of Chester, and later, Canon of Westminster. His chief works were: *The Saint's Tragedy*, *Andromeda and Other Poems*; also novels, as *Alton Locke*, *Yeast*, *Westward Ho!* *Two Years Ago*, *The Water Babies*, *Hereward the Wake*, *Hypatia*; also writings on natural history, social history, and sermons. He died in January, 1875. The *Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley*, published by his widow, give a most interesting insight into his character and thoughts.]

TEGNÈR'S DRÁPA.

Title. Bishop *Tegnèr*, a Swedish poet of the last century, was the author of a beautiful poem on the Frithiof's saga, and did much towards reviving an interest in the treasures of the old Scandinavian literature. A *Drápa* is a form of ancient northern poetry, and was always written in honour of a royal or noble personage. Hence this is meant to be a poem written after the manner of *Tegnèr*, in honour of Balder, lamenting his death.

Subject. The poem falls into four divisions, as follows:—

(i.) The passing of the wraith of Balder the sun-god.
 (ii.) An account of the slaying of Balder. He, the youngest son of Odin, was slain by the contrivance of Loki, the spirit of evil. All things on earth save the little sprig of mistletoe had sworn to Frigga that they would do Balder no hurt. Loki put a dart of the mistletoe into the hands of Balder's blind elder brother, Høder, who thus unwittingly killed him. The myth typifies the quenching of the sunlight by the darkness of night. Balder was referred to by the first missionaries as a type of the White Christ. [See *The Heroes of Asgard*.]

(iii.) The burning of Balder in the drifting ship is an emblem of the sun sinking below the waves, and of the olden faiths giving way to the religion of love.

(iv.) The New Land of Song rises with its green meadows from the midst of the ocean, according to the Eddaic myth.

Choral parts. This poem can be recited as an old Greek chorus. A single voice utters the cry of lamentation, and the two divisions of the chorus respond in strophe and antistrophe to each other.

I.—THE PASSING OF BALDER'S WRAITH.

Strophe 1. *f.* I heard a voice that cried—

Leader. “Balder the beautiful
Is dead, is dead!”

Strophe 1. *lento.* And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

Antistrophe 1. *p.* I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the northern sky.

- mf.* Blasts from Niffelheim ¹ 10
p. Lifted the sheeted mists
 Around him as he passed.
- Strophe 2. f.* And the voice for ever cried,
Leader. " Balder the beautiful
 Is dead, is dead ! "
- Strophe 2. p.* And died away
 Through the dreary night,
 In accents of despair.

II.—THE SLAYING OF BALDER.

- Antistrophe 2. f.* Balder the beautiful,
 God of the summer sun, 20
 Fairest of all the gods !
 Light from his forehead beamed,
 Runes were upon his tongue,
 As on the warrior's sword.
- Strophe 3. mf.* All things in earth and air,
 Bound were by magic spell
 Never to do him harm ;
 Even the plants and stones,
p. All save the mistletoe,
 The sacred mistletoe ! 30
- Antistrophe 3. p.* Hœder, the blind old god,
 Whose feet are shod with silence,
 Pierced through that gentle breast
 With his sharp spear, by fraud
f. Made of the mistletoe,
 The accursèd mistletoe !

¹ The Home of Mists—Hades.

III.—THE BURNING SHIP.

- Strophe* 4. *mf.* They laid * him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
p. A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear.
- Antistrophe* 4. *f.* They launched * the burning ship!
mf. It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
mp. Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.—
p. Balder returned no more!

IV.—THE NEW LAND OF SONG.

- Strophe 5. maesto.* So perish * the old gods !—
f. But out of the sea of time 50
 Rises a new land of song,
 Fairer than the old.
mf. Over its meadows green
 Walk the young bards and sing.
- Antistrophe 5. f.* Build * it again,
 O ye bards,
 Fairer than before !
mf. Ye fathers of the new race
 Feed upon morning dew,
 Sing the new song of love ! 60
- Strophe 6. f.* The law of force is dead !
 The law of love prevails !
mf. Thor, the thunderer,
 Shall rule the earth no more,
p. No more, with threats,
 Challenge the meek Christ.

Antistrophe 6. f. Sing no more,
 O ye bards of the north,
 Of Vikings and of Yarls !
 Of the days of Eld, 70
 Preserve the *freedom* only,—
 Not the deeds of blood.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born 27th February, 1807, at Portland, Maine. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and was appointed Professor of Modern Languages first at Bowdoin, then at Harvard. He visited Europe several times, and became extensively acquainted with the literatures of the old world. His translations from the German, Swedish, Italian, Spanish, etc., have done very much to awaken and increase our knowledge of these literatures. His chief works are: "Poems on Slavery," "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn". He wrote besides many ballads and poems, also a few prose tales, as *Hyperion*, *Kavanagh*, etc. He died on 24th March, 1882.]

THE KNIGHT SIR AUGÉ AND LADY ELSÉ.

Origin. This translation of an old Danish ballad, made by Israel Gollancz, M.A., editor of the *Temple Shakespeare*, is extracted from the *Christ's College Magazine*, May, 1887. The theme of a maiden's grief constraining her dead lover to reappear to her is found in the poetry of many nations; cf. the ballads of "Lenore," "William and Margaret," etc. One of the oldest versions of it is the Eddaic lay of "Helge and Sigrun".

Subject. The Knight Sir Augé dies a month after his betrothal to Lady Elsé of the Isle. Her grief cannot let him rest quietly in his grave and compels him to revisit her. She follows him back as far as his tomb in the church, where he suddenly disappears. Within a month after the lady also is dead.

Scenes. (i.) The bower of Lady Elsé, richly adorned with carved wood and tapestry hangings, the floor strewn with rushes.

(ii.) The church porch, showing the dim interior beyond, with the stone tomb of the knight and a single hanging lamp burning near it.

- Characters.*
1. The Knight Sir Augé's ghost.
 2. The Lady Elsé.
 3. Chorus of ghosts.

I.—LADY ELSÉ'S BOWER.

1.

Chorus. *f.* It was the Knight Sir Augé,
 Unto the Isle rode he,
 Wooed the Lady Elsé,—
 A maiden fair was she ;
 Wooed the Lady Elsé,
 All with the ruddy gold :—
 p. That day a month thereafter
 Lay * he in swarthy mould.

2.

 It was the Lady Elsé,
 Her grief was manifold,
 cres. Heard it the Knight Sir Augé
 Deep 'neath the swarthy mould ;
 lento. Up rose * the Knight Sir Augé,
 His coffin shouldered he,
 mf. Wended he to the lady's bower
 Along so toilsomely.

3.

f. Tapped * at the door with the coffin,—
 p. For that he had no skin,—
 Knight. “ Hark ye, * Lady Elsé,
 And let thy true love in ”.
 Chorus. Answered the Lady Elsé :
 Lady. “ I undo not my door
 Ere *Jesus*' name thou namest
 E'en as thou couldst before ”.

4.

Knight. “ Hark ye, * Lady Elsé,
 And undo thou thy door,
 I name the name of *Jesus*
 E'en as I could before,”

Chorus. Up rose * the noble Elsé,
 The tears ran down her face,
 And let the dead man enter
 Her bower's lonely place.

5.

And so she took * her golden comb,
 And so she combed his hair ;
 For every tress unravelled
 She dropped a weary tear.
Lady. " Hark ye, Knight Sir Augé,
 Alderliefest mine,
 How is it in the swarthy earth *
 Down in that grave of thine ? "

6.

Knight. mf. " Whenever thou art joyful
 And happy in thy mind,
 The inside of my coffin
 With red rose leaves is lined ;—
p. Whenever thou art sorrowful,
 And when thy heart is sore,
 The inside of my coffin
 Is all of clotted gore.

7.

mf. " The red cock now is crowing,
 No longer dare I stay,—
p. To earth * must all dead hie them,
 With them I must away.
mf. The black cock now is crowing,
p. To my grave * must I descend ;
mf. Now ope the gates * of heaven—
 Hence quickly must I wend,"

II.—THE TOMB IN THE CHURCH.

8.

Chorus. Up rose * the Knight Sir Augé,
His coffin shouldered he,
lento. Wended he to the churchyard
Along so toilsomely.
And so did Lady Elsé,
p. For she was sore in mood ;
mf. She followed with her true love
Across * the murky wood.

9.

f. As from the wood she wandered
Into the churchyard * there,
mf. There faded on Sir Augé
His fair and golden hair.
mp. And when across the churchyard
Into the church * he goes,
p. There faded on Sir Augé
His ruddy cheek of rose.

10.

Knight. mf. “ Hark ye, Lady Elsé,
Alderliefest mine,
Weep never more, I prythee,
For this true love of thine.
Look up * unto the heavens
And to the stars so small,
And see thou there how calmly
The close of night doth fall.”

11.

Chorus. mf. She looked * up to the heavens,
And to the stars so small—
p. Down * sank the dead man to his grave,
She saw him no more withal.

mf. Home went the Lady Elsé,
 Her grief was manifold :—
p. That day a month thereafter
 Lay she in swarthy mould.

—ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

Origin. This ballad, one of the best associated with King Arthur, is a fragment; but even so, only a selection from the verses is given here. Some of them are composed from Sir T. Malory's romance of "Morte Arthur" (*Edward IV.*). Compare Tennyson's "Idylls of the King".

Subject. Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, King of Britain, was educated by the wizard, Merlin, and became king after his father's death. His famous sword was given him by the Lady of the Lake. He won many victories against the heathen; established a settled government in the kingdom, and founded the order of the Knights of the Round Table. He was mortally wounded in fighting against his nephew, the traitor Mordred, but the circumstances of his death were surrounded with mystery. The Welsh bards insisted that he had been "conveyed away by the fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remain for a time, and then return again and reign in as great authority as ever".

Scene. Some waste, broken ground near the battlefield of Lyonesse, with one or two solitary trees growing here and there. At a little distance lies a vast lake, bordered by low rocks and boulders, with hills on the farther shore, behind which the dawn is just breaking.

Characters. 1. King Arthur.
 2. Sir Lukyn, Duke of Gloster.
 3. Sir Mordred, the traitor.
 4. *Chorus*: The Lady of the Lake and her water-nymphs.

I.—THE BATTLE OF LYONESSE.

1.

Chorus. mf. On Trinity Monday in the morn
 This sore battayle was doomed to be;
 Where many a knight cried, "Well-a-waye!"
p. Alack, it was the more pittie.

2.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away ;—
Ay me ! it was a bloody field,
As e'er was fought on summer's day.

3.

mf. Upon King Arthur's own partyè,
Only himself escapéd there,
And Lukyn, Duke of Gloster, free,
And the king's butler, Bevedere.

4.

p. And when the king beheld his knights
All dead and scattered on the mold,
The tears fast trickled down his face,
That manly face in fight so bold.

5.

King. " Now rest ye all, brave knights,"
Chorus. he said,
King. " So true and faithful to your trust ;
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
Be left to moulder into dust ?

6.

" Most loyal have ye been to me,
Most true and faithful unto death ;
And oh ! to raise ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath !

7.

" But see,* the traitor's yet alive,—
Lo, where he stalks among the dead !
Now bitterly he shall abide,¹
And vengeance fall upon his head."

¹ Pay the penalty.

8.

Lukyn. "O stay, my liege,"
Chorus. then said the duke ;
Lukyn. "O stay for love and charitie ;
Remember what the vision¹ spake,
Nor meet your-foe, if it may be."

9.

King. "O stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe ;
Betide my life,* betide my death,
I will avenge them of their foe."

10.

Chorus. He put his spear into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud 'gan cry :
King. f. "Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For, traitor, now thy death is nigh".

11.

Chorus. mf. When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so,
f. He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

12.

mf. Then grimly dyéd Sir Mordred
Presently upon that tree ;
And bloody streams ran from the king,
Ere to the duke returnéd he.

¹ The ghost of Arthur's nephew, Sir Gawain, who had appeared to him the night before, warning him not to fight with Mordred.

II.—THE SWORD EXCALIBAR.

13.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake :—

King. “ Sir Knight, thou hast been faithful tried,
lento. Now take * my sword Excalibar,
 That hangs so freely by my side.

14.

“ O take my sword Excalibar,
 And there * into the river throw ;
 For here henceforth beneath this tree,
 All use of weapons I forego.

15.

“ With this good fauchion in my hand,
 Oft have I reaped the bloody field ;—
 But now the fatal hour is come,
 That nevermore I may thee wield.”

16.

Chorus. The duke to the river side he went,
 And there his *own* sword in threw he ;
 But he kept back Excalibar,—
 He kept it back in privitie.

17.

For all of Coleyne¹ was the blade,
 And all the hilt of precious stone ;
Sir Lukyn. “ And ever, alack ! ” *
Chorus. then said the knight,
Sir Lukyn. “ Must such a sword away be thrown ? ”

¹ Cologne steel,

18.

Chorus. Then back he came unto the king,
Who said,

King. "Sir Lukyn, what did ye see?"

Sir Lukyn. "Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew o'er the waters fair and free."

19.

King. "O go again,"

Chorus. then said the king ;

King. "O good Sir Lukyn, go again ;
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain."

20.

Chorus. mf. The duke then to the river went,
And the king's *scabbard* in threw he ;—
But he kept back *Excalibar*,
And hid* it underneath a tree.

21.

Then back he came to tell the king—
King. "Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully ;
Alack ! whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be ?

22.

"Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye ?—
Now go* again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall die."

23.

Chorus. f. The duke, all shent¹ with this rebuke,
No answer made unto the king ;
But to the river took the sword,
And threw* it far as he could fling.

¹ Ashamed.

24.

A hand and an arm did meet the sword,
 And flourished * three times in the air ;
 Then sunk beneath the renninge stream—
 And of the duke was seen no mair.

III.—THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

25.

All sore astonied stood the duke ;
lento. He stood as still as still mote be ;
accelerando. Then hastened back to tell the king :—
p. But he was gone from under the tree.

26.

But to what place he could not tell,
 For never after he did him spy ;—
f. But he saw * a barge go from the land,
 And he heard * ladies¹ howl and cry.

27.

And whether the king were there or not,
 He never knew, nor ever cold ;—
lento. For from that sad and direful day
 He never more was seen on mold.

—OLD BALLAD.

THE BARD : A PINDARIC ODE.

Subject. The poem, from which the following selections are taken, was written by Gray on the subject of the traditional massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward I., perpetrated lest they should rouse their countrymen to arms against the English by

¹ Used by old writers for “ nymphs ”.

Chorus. *mf.* Such were the sounds that o'er the
 crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild
 dismay, 10
As down* the steep of Snowdon's
 shaggy side

He wound with toilsome march his
long array.

Stout Gloster stood aghast in speech-
less trance :

Mortimer.

ff. "To arms!"

Chorus.

cried Mortimer, and
couched * his quivering lance.

mf. On a rock,* whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming
flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet * stood—
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled
air)— 20
And with a master's hand and prophet's
fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

The bard.

f. "Hark,* how each giant oak and
desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice
beneath !
O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms
they wave,*
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs
breathe ;
Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal
day
To highborn Hoël's harp, or soft
Llewellyn's lay.

mf. "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
That hushed the stormy main : 30

dim. Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains,* ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-
 topped head.

df On dreary Arvon's¹ shore they lie,
 Smeared with gore and ghastly pale ;
 .. Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens
 sail,
 The famished eagle screams and passes
 by.

(*Ghosts enter silently.*)

mp. "Dear* lost companions of my tuneful
 art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad
 eyes, 40
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my
 heart,
 Ye died amid your dying country's
 cries.

f. No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder* cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit ; they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave* with bloody hands the
 tissue of thy line."

Band of ghosts. p. "Weave* the warp,² and weave the
 woof,³
 The winding sheet of Edward's race. 50

¹ Shores of Carnarvonshire opposite Anglesey.

² The threads stretched out lengthwise in a loom.

³ The threads woven into, and worked across the warp.

Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
cres. Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior¹ fled ?
 Thy son is gone ; he rests among the
 dead.

f. " Heard * ye the din of battle bray ?
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ? 60
 Long years of havoc² urge their destined
 course,
 And through the kindred squadrons
 mow their way.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we
 spread ;
 The bristled boar³ in infant gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
p. Now, brothers, bending o'er the accurséd
 loom,
 Stamp* we our vengeance deep, and
 ratify his doom.

f. " Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
p. (Weave we the woof ; the thread is
 spun) 70
f. Half of thy heart we consecrate
p. (The web is wove ; the work is done)."
 (*The ghosts vanish.*)

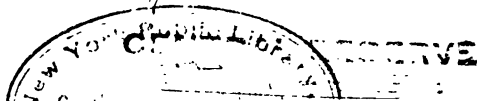
The bard. *f.* " Stay,* oh stay ! nor thus forlorn,

¹ The Black Prince.

² Wars of the Roses.

³ Richard III.

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Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to
mourn ;

In yon bright track, that fires the
western skies,

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

*(A glittering procession of kings, queens, knights and
ladies, now passes slowly across the stage.)*

lento. But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snow-
don's height

Descending slow their glittering skirts
unroll !

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight ;

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my
soul ! 80

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail ;

ff. All hail,* ye genuine, kings, Britannia's
issue, hail !

mf. " Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.

p. In the midst a form * divine !¹

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton
line ;

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding
face,

Attempered sweet to virgin grace. 90

f. Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she
sings,

Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-
coloured wings.

¹ Queen Elisabeth.

mf. "Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon *
sanguine cloud,
Raised by the breath, has quenched
the orb of day ?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with re-
doubled ray.

vivace. Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
maestoso. ' Be *thine* despair, and sceptred care ;
To triumph *—and to die—are *mine*."

100

Chorus. He spoke ;—and, headlong from the
mountain's height,
Deep * in the roaring tide he plunged to
endless night.

—THOMAS GRAY.

[Thomas Gray, born in 1716, was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. He lived a quiet and studious life, being fond of literary research. He was well acquainted with the older English poets, and also the literatures of some foreign countries. One of his best known poems is the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard". He died in 1771 at Cambridge, where he held the Professorship of Modern History, and had spent the greater part of his life. He was said by those who knew him to be the most learned man of his time in Europe.]

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.

Subject. The poem describes the rising of a great tidal wave, similar to that known as the *bore* in the Severn or the *æger* in the estuary of the Humber, and the consequent flooding of the low-lying meadows around Boston. In the flood, Elisabeth, the beautiful wife of a young farmer, is drowned, with her two little children, when calling the cattle home to milking from the fields, while her husband and his old mother are saved by taking refuge on the cottage roof until they can be rescued by a boat. The story of that terrible experience is told by the old woman long afterwards.

Scene. Boston is an old seaport at the mouth of the river Witham, a slow winding stream. The ancient tower of Boston Church is of very great height, and serves as a landmark to sailors far out at sea, being known to them as "Boston Stump". This part of Lincolnshire consists entirely of fen lands and rich meadows, affording excellent pasturage for cattle. The events of the poem occur at a small country farm, five miles from the town of Boston.

Language. The spelling has been retained as characteristic of the authoress, but is hopelessly incorrect as representing *any* period of early English. There are also some curious grammatical errors, e.g., "bin" used in the singular in verse 9.

- Characters.*
1. The mayor of Boston.
 2. Elisabeth.
 3. The young farmer.
 4. The peasants.
 5. The old woman.
 6. *Chorus* of country girls (milkmaids).

I.—THE BOSTON BELLS.

1.

Chorus. *mf.* The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three ;

Mayor. *f.* " Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best,"

Chorus. *f.* quoth he.

Mayor. *f.* " Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe, ' The Brides of Enderby ! ' "

2.

Chorus. *p.* Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord * that sent it, He knows all ;
cres. But in myne ears doth still abide
f. The message that the bells let fall.
p. And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

3.

mf. I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes !
 The level sun, * like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
 And dark against day's golden death,
She moved where Lindis wandereth--
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

II.—THE MILKING SONG.

4.

Elisabeth. "Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !"
Chorus. calling,
 Ere the early dewes were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
Elisabeth. "Cusha ! Cusha !"
Chorus. all along,
cres. { Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth,
p. Faintly came her milking song.
Elisabeth. "Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !"
Chorus. calling,
Elisabeth. "For the dewes will soon be falling ;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow,
 Come uppe, Whitefoot ; come uppe, Light-
 foot ;
 Quit the stalks of parsely hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head ;

Come uppe, Whitefoot ; come uppe, Light-foot ;

Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

III.—THE TUNE OF ENDERBY.

5.

Chorus. lento. If it be long, aye, long ago—

When I beginne to think *howe* long,

allegro. { Again I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong ;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring—[*p.*] the tune of Enderby.

6.

mf. Alle fresh the level pastures lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple * towered from out the greene ;
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard * in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

7.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
Came downe that kyndly message free—

p. "The Brides of Mavis Enderby".

8.

allegro. Then some looked uppe * into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows,
To where the goodly vessels * lie,
And where the lordly steeple * shows.
They sayde,

Peasants. "And why should this thing be,
What *danger* lowers by land or sea?—
p. They ring the tune of Enderby!

9.

vivace. "For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the Scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
lento. But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
p. Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

IV.—THE ALARM GIVEN.

10.

mf. I looked without, and lo! my sonne
cres. { Came riding downe with might and main.
He raised a shout as he drew on,
ff. { Till all the welkin rang again,
Son. "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
Old woman. "(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
p. Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)"

11.

Son. *ff.* "The old sea-wall," *
Chorus. he cried,
Son. "is downe,
agitato. The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing up the market-place."

- Chorus.* p. He shook as one that looks on death :
Son. " God save you, mother ! "
Chorus. straight he saith ;
Son. " Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? "

12.

- Old woman.* " Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
 With her two bairns I marked her long ;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,
 Afar I heard her milking song."
Chorus. He looked * across the glassy sea,
 To right, to left—[*ff.*] " Ho, Enderby ! "
mf. They rang—[*ff.*] " The Brides of Enderby ! "

V.—THE RISING OF THE ÆGER.

13.

- mf.* With that he cried and beat his breast ;
cres. { For lo ! * along the river's bed
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
ff. It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
dim. Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,—
p. Or like a demon in a shroud.

14.

- agitato.* And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
mf. Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;
cres. { Then madly at the eygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
ff. Then beaten foam flew round about—
dim. Then all the mighty floods were out.

15.

accelerando. So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
... p. The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow, seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at our feet.*
cres. { The feet had hardly time to flee,
 Before it brake against the knee,*
 And all the world * was in the sea.

VI.—THE WATCH THROUGH THE NIGHT.

16.

mf. Upon the roofe we sat that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
 I marked the lofty beacon light *
 Stream from the church tower, red and
 high—
p. A lurid mark and dread to see ;
 And awesome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang " Enderby ".

17.

mf. They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
 And I—my son was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :
p. And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
Son. " O come in life, or come in death !
 O lost ! my love Elizabeth ".

VII.—WHAT THE MORNING BROUGHT.

18.

Chorus. And didst thou visit him no more ?
p. Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare !
 The waters laid thee at his door,
 Ere yet the early dawn was cleare.

Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

19.

mf. That flow strewed wrecks about the grass ;
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
dim. { A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
 { To manye more than myne and mee :
p. But each will mourn his own (shee sayth),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

VIII.—THE GHOSTLY MILKING SONG.

20.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
Elisabeth. "Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !"
Chorus. *p.* calling,
 Ere the early dewes be falling ;
 I shall never hear her song,
Elisabeth. "Cusha ! Cusha !"
Chorus. *p.* all along,
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth ;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.
 I shall never see her more,
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver,
 Stand beside the throbbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing in its falling,
 To the sandy, lonesome shore ;
 I shall never hear her calling,

Elisabeth. p. "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come uppe, Whitefoot ; come uppe, Light-
foot ;
Quit your pipes of parsely hollow,
Hollow, hollow ;
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow :
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head ;
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

—JEAN INGELOW.

[Jean Ingelow, author of several volumes of poems and novels, was born at Ipswich in 1820, and died lately, 1897. In 1863, her first volume of poems appeared—which gave much evidence of mature poetic power. *The Story of Doom*, another volume of poems, increased and established the reputation she had already made. In America her poems are said to be even more popular than in England. Her lyrics contain beautiful, fresh descriptions of nature, expressed in simple but well-chosen language.]

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

Origin. This story is inserted in the prose tale of *Lalla Rookh*. Lalla Rookh, daughter of the Emperor of Delhi, was making a royal progress from Delhi to Cashmere, where her nuptials with the son of the King of Bucharía were to be celebrated, and was entertained during her journey by the songs of a young poet of Cashmere. "In an evening or two after, they came to the small valley of Gardens. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry or love or religion has ever consecrated ; from the dark hyacinth to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of those bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly

that he remembered a story of a Peri, which, if the princess had no objection, he would venture to relate ; then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began."

Subject. The poem describes the search of a Peri for a gift which shall win her entrance into Eden. As the poem is much abbreviated, the two unsuccessful gifts of the Peri are not related ; they were, a drop of blood from a patriot's heart, and the last sigh of a loving self-sacrificing maiden.

Scenes. (i.) *The Gates of Eden*, guarded by an angel in shining raiment. All is dark and dreary without, but light streams through the half-open door. On either side of the portal are twin-roses and passion-flowers.

(ii.) *The Vale of Balbec, in Syria.* A shining stream flows through the valley, and green lizards dart about among the stones by the water. Pigeons with many-coloured wings are wheeling round and settling on the rocks in the crimson glow of the setting sun, while the distant sound of the shepherd's pipe mingles with the hum of the wild bees, and the song of nightingales from the woods.

(iii.) *The Gates of Eden opened.* A vision of waving trees, glittering waters and glowing flowers, with a blending of all sweet scents, and strains of angelic harmony. The form of the Peri is seen, passing into the radiant light.

- Characters.*
1. The angel, guarding the gates.
 2. The Peri.
 3. The man of sin, a Moslem.
 4. *Chorus* of Peris.

I.—THE GATES OF EDEN.

Chorus. *mf.* One morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood disconsolate ;
 And as she listened to the springs
 Of life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
lento. She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place.

Peri. "How happy,"

Chorus. exclaimed this child of air,

Peri. "Are the holy spirits who wander there, 10
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;

Though mine are the gardens of earth and
 sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for
 me,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them
all !”

Chorus. *mf.* The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping ;
And, as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies 20
On the blue flower,¹ which—Brahmins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

Angel. "Nymph of a fair but erring line!"

Chorus. *p.* Gently he said—

Angel. "One hope is thine.

'Tis written in the Book of Fate,

The Peri yet may be forgiven

Who brings to this Eternal Gate

The gift that is most dear to Heaven !

Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—

'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in." 30

Chorus. } Rapidly as comets run
vivace. } To the embraces of the sun ;—
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

¹The blue campac, or champaka, which *has* been found only in Sumatra, being yellow elsewhere.

But *whither* shall the spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven?—

Peri.

“ I know,
I know where* the Isles of Perfume¹ are,
Many a fathom down in the sea, 40
To the south of sun-bright Araby ;—
But gifts like *these* are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla’s wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh ! what would
they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity ? ”

II.—THE VALE OF BALBEC.

Chorus. mf. Now upon Syria’s land of roses²
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon ; 50
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

p. But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
f. When, o’er the Vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they ; 60

¹ The Isles of Panchaia, south of Arabia Felix, which have disappeared, “ sunk in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations ”.

² *Syria* is perhaps named from *Suri*, a beautiful and delicate species of rose.

- vivace.* Chasing with eager hands and eyes
 The beautiful blue damsel¹ flies,
 That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems :—
- lento.* And, near the boy, who tired with play
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's² rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink. 70
- mf.* Then swift his haggard brow he turned
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath daybeam burned
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
- sotto voce.* Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunderclouds, of gloom and fire ;
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.
- mf.* But hark ! * the vesper-call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets, 80
 Is rising sweetly from the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets !
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels with his forehead to the south,
 Lispings the eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted * to the glowing skies, 90
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again.

¹ So called from the elegance of their appearance and attire.

² A hospice for pilgrims.

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life?

Man.

"There *was* a time,"

Chorus.

he said, in mild,

Heart-humbled tones,

Man.

"thou blessed child,

When, young and haply pure as thou, 100
 I looked and prayed like thee; but now"—

Chorus. lento.

He hung his head—each nobler aim,

And hope, and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came

Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Peri.

"There's a drop,"¹

Chorus.

said the Peri,

Peri.

"that down*

from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,

So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour

The drop descends, contagion dies, 110

And health reanimates earth and skies!—

Oh, is it not thus,* thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall?

Though foul thy fiery plagues within,

One heavenly drop hath dispelled them
 all!"

Chorus. mf.

And now—behold him kneeling there

By the child's side, in humble prayer,

While the same sunbeam shines upon

The guilty and the guiltless one,

¹ The Nuncta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's Day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

f. And hymns of joy proclaim through
Heaven 120

The triumph of a Soul Forgiven !

lento. 'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.

vivace. And well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear 130
Her harbinger of glory near !

III.—THE GATES OPENED.

Peri. *f.* "Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are passed and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
My feast is now of the Tooba¹ Tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!
Farewell, ye vanishing flowers,* that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief;—

[Casts away her flowers.]

Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have
blown, [140

To the lote-tree,² springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf !

Peri and } Joy, joy for ever ! { *my* } task is done !
Chorus. } { *her* }

The gates are passed, and Heaven is won !”

—T. MOORE.

¹ *Tooba*—eternal happiness. The tree that stands in Paradise, in Mahomet's palace.

² The *lote-tree* stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

[Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, 28th May, 1779. He died in Feb., 1852. He was a Roman Catholic, as were his parents before him. His *Irish Melodies* are well known as a beautiful collection of songs. His prose tale of *Lalla Rookh*, interspersed with four poetical tales, contains wonderfully accurate references to Eastern scenery, customs and traditions, and gives an interesting insight into life in Persia and Arabia.]

THE SOLILOQUY OF A RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

(On the picture of a newly-hatched chicken contemplating the fragments of its native shell.)

I.—THE THREE PROBLEMS.

Most strange !

Most queer,—although most excellent a change !

Shades* of the prison-house, ye disappear !

My fettered thoughts have won a wider range,

And, like my legs, are free ;

No longer huddled up so pitiably :

Free now to pry and probe, and peep and peer [*peeps about*] ;

And make these mysteries out.

Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt ?

For now in doubt undoubtedly I am : 10

This problem's very heavy on my mind,

And I am not one to either shirk or sham.

I won't be blinded, and I won't be blind !

Now, let me see,

First, I would know how did I get in *there* ?

Then, where was I of yore ?

Besides, why didn't I get out *before* ?

II.—THE IMPOSSIBLE SOLUTION.

Bless me !

Here are *three* puzzles (out of plenty more),

Enough to give me pip upon the brain !— 20

But let me think again.

How do I know I ever *was* inside ?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason and beneath my pride
 To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry miserable cell
 As *that* old shell.
Of course, I couldn't ! How could *I* have lain,
Body and beak, and feathers, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings, 30
 In there ?

III.—THE POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

I meet the notion with profound disdain ;
It's quite incredible ; since I declare
 (And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive),
What I can't understand I won't believe !
Where *did* I come from then ? Ah ! where indeed ?
This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.
 I have it ! Why, of course,
All things are moulded by some plastic force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in space, 40
Fortuitously concurrent anyhow.—
 There, now !
That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

IV.—THE PROOF POSITIVE.

What's that I hear ?
My mother cackling at me ! Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant, *I* say ;
So far behind the wisdom of the day !
 What's old *I can't* revere.
Hark at her.
 “ You're a little fool, my dear,
That's quite as plain, alack ! 50
As is the piece of shell upon your back.”

How bigoted ! Upon my back, indeed !

I don't believe it's there ;

For I can't see it ; and I do declare,

For all her fond deceivin',

What I can't see I never will believe in !

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—From *The Knight of Intercession, and other Poems*,

by kind permission of Mr. Stone.

[The Rev. Samuel John Stone, M.A., was born at Whitmore in Staffordshire in 1839, and educated at Charterhouse School, and afterwards at Pembroke College, Oxford. On taking holy orders he became curate of Windsor in 1863, and in 1870 of St. Paul's, Haggerston. In 1874 he succeeded his father as vicar of St. Paul's, Haggerston. Since 1890 he has been rector of All Hallows-on-the-Wall, London. Among his best known hymns may be cited those beginning: "The Church's one Foundation," and "Weary of Earth and Laden with my Sin," which are included in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.]

SELECTIONS FROM CHRISTABEL.

History. This is an unfinished poem, written between 1797 and 1800. How Coleridge would have completed it is quoted by Mr. Stead in the "Penny Poets Series," No. XXV.

Subject. Its main idea is, "that the purity of a pure maiden is a charm more powerful for the protection of those dear to her than the spells of the evil one for their destruction !" The maiden Christabel finds a lovely lady lost in the forest, and takes her home to her father's castle. This lady, Geraldine, is an evil spirit in disguise, who seeks to cast her spells over Christabel and to stir up discord between the maiden and her father. In this she fails owing to Christabel's own goodness, and her protection by the guardian spirit of her dead mother. Miss J. Auld has pointed out to me that in Geraldine we have a reminiscence of the mediæval myth of the *snake-maiden*, or *Lamia*, setting forth the power of a serpent to assume at times the form of a woman for purposes of witchcraft. Note the fact that the lady is found under a forest-tree ; her glittering attire ; her weird power of fascination ; the "shrunken serpent eyes," and the vision of Bracy the Bard.

Scenes. (i.) The oak forest around the castle at midnight. It is a chilly night in early April, and the full moon is veiled by a thin grey cloud. The air is windless and still, and the owls are hooting.

(ii.) Christabel's chamber, curiously "carved with figures strange and sweet". The floor is covered with rushes, and the silver lamp, fastened by twofold chains to an angel's feet, burns dead and dim, till Christabel trims it and makes it bright.

- Characters.* 1. The maiden Christabel.
 2. The lady Geraldine.
 3. *Chorus* of guardian spirits, with Christabel's mother.

I.—THE MIDNIGHT WOOD.

Chorus. mf. 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
 And the owls have awakened the crowing cock!

p. Tu—whit!— Tu—whoo!

mf. And hark * again! the crowing cock,

p. How drowsily it crew.

mf. The lovely lady Christabel,
 Whom her father loves so well,
 What makes her in the wood so late,
 A furlong from the castle gate?
 She had dreams all yesternight 10
 Of her own betrothéd knight;
 And she in the midnight wood will pray
 For the weal of her lover that's far away.
 She kneels beneath the huge oak-tree,
 And in silence prayeth she.

f. The lady sprang up * suddenly,
 The lovely lady, Christabel!

p. It moaned as near, as near can be,
 But what it is she cannot tell.

On the other * side it seems to be, 20
 Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.
 Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
 Jesu, Maria,* shield her well!
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak
 And stole to the other * side of the oak.

*What * sees she there?*

mf. There * she sees a damsel bright,
 Dressed in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
 The neck that made that white robe wan, 30
 Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
 Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were ;
 And wildly glittered here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair.
 I guess 'twas *frightful* there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she—
 Beautiful exceedingly !

Christabel. “ Mary mother,* save me now ! ”

Chorus. Said Christabel,—

Christabel. “ And who art thou ? ”

Chorus. The lady strange made answer meet, 40

p. And her voice was faint and sweet :—

Geraldine. “ Have pity on my sore distress,

I scarce can speak for weariness.

My sire is of a noble line,

And my name is Geraldine.

agitato. Five warriors seized me yesternorn,

Me, even me, a maid forlorn :

They choked my cries with force and fright,

And bound me on a palfrey white.

The palfrey was as fleet as wind, 50

And they rode furiously behind.

Nor do I know how long it is

(For I have lain entranced, I-wis)

Since one, the tallest of the five,

Took me from the palfrey's back,

A weary woman scarce alive.

Some muttered words his comrades spoke ;

He placed me underneath this oak,

He swore they would return with haste ;
 Whither they went I cannot tell— 60
 I thought I heard,* some minutes past,
 Sounds as of a castle bell.
 Stretch * forth thy hand —”

Chorus. thus ended she,
Geraldine. “ And help a wretched maid to flee.”

Chorus. mf. Then Christabel stretched * forth her hand,
 And comforted fair Geraldine :—
Christabel. “ O well, bright dame, you may command
 The service of Sir Leoline.
 And gladly our stout chivalry
 Will he send forth, and friends withal, 70
 To guide and guard you safe and free
 Home to your noble father’s hall.
p. All our household * are at rest ;
 Sir Leoline is weak in health,
 And may not well awakened be,
 But we will move as if in stealth,
 And I beseech your courtesy
 This night, to share your couch with me.”

II.—CHRISTABEL’S CHAMBER.

Chorus. p. Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
 And jealous of the listening air, 80
 They steal their way from stair to stair,
 Now in glimmer and now in gloom
 And now they pass the baron’s room.
pp. As still as death—with stifled breath !
 And now have reached her * chamber door;
mf. And now doth Geraldine press down
 The rushes * of the chamber floor.

Christabel. "O weary lady Geraldine,
I pray you drink this * cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

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Geraldine. "And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"

Chorus. Christabel answered—

Christabel. "Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell
How on her deathbed she did say
That she should hear the castle bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear * ! that thou wert here!" 100

Geraldine. "I would,"

Chorus. said Geraldine,

Geraldine. "she were!"

Chorus. But soon, with altered voice, said she—

Geraldine. f. "Off,* wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."—

Chorus. { Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
agitato. { Why stares she with unsettled eye?
{ Can she the bodiless dead espy?
{ And why with hollow voice cries she,

Geraldine. f. "Off,* woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be, 110
Off, woman, off; 'tis given to me."

Chorus. mf. Then Christabel knelt * by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven * her eyes so blue—

Christabel. "Alas!"

Chorus. said she,

Christabel. "This ghastly ride,
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"

Chorus. p. The lady wiped * her moist cold brow,
And faintly said,

Geraldine. " 'Tis over now ! "

Chorus. mf. Again the wild-flower wine she drank :
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank, 120
The lofty lady stood * upright ;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
Geraldine. " All they,* who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel !
And you love them, and for their sake,
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.— 130
But now unrobe yourself ; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Chorus. Quoth Christabel,

Christabel. " So let it be ! "

Chorus. And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness. 136

—S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born 21st October, 1772, the son of the vicar and schoolmaster at Ottery St. Mary. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and at Jesus College, Cambridge. He visited Southey at Bristol, and shared in his fervent zeal for the cause of the French Revolution. Coleridge married, and settled in a cottage at Nether Stowey, on the Bristol Channel, where he became friends with Wordsworth. In 1805 he went to live for a time near Wordsworth, at Greta Hall, Keswick. He died at Highgate in July, 1834. His works were poems, especially *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* ; letters and essays on philosophical and literary subjects, especially Shakespeare ; *Table Talk*.]

THE LAY OF THE BROWN ROSARY.

Subject. The following are selections from a long poem of this name by Mrs. Browning. The poem is divided into four parts, and the first part, which is introductory, gives a dialogue between Onora's mother and little brother, in which the boy declares that Onora has entered into a compact with the evil spirit of a nun, wearing a brown rosary, that haunts the neighbouring ruined convent. Onora comes up while they are speaking, and tells them that she knows by the beauty of the hills that her lover is near, that the battle is over, and he is returning to make her his wife. From the next part we learn that Onora has heard the angels saying that in seven days they are to bear her soul up to heaven; but she is so bent on marrying her lover that she has vowed to the nun's ghost that she will pray to God no longer. So long as she keeps this vow, the evil spirit is permitted to defer the day of her death: since, if she has no need of God, He has no need of her.

Scene. A cottage situated amid lovely Italian scenery, with blue hills in the distance. Behind the cottage is a shady forest, in which stand the grey ivy-covered ruins of a convent. Before the cottage is a brown heath, strewn with scattered boulders. A vine clusters over the walls of the house, and the garden is full of roses and other flowers. At the end of the lime-tree walk is a green arbour, in which is a shrine dedicated to St. Agnes, containing a picture of the saint.

- Characters.*
1. Onora, an Italian peasant girl.
 2. Her mother.
 3. Her brother.
 4. Her lover.
 5. Evil spirit.
 6. Two good angels.
 7. The priest and choir.
 8. *Chorus* of Italian peasant maidens.

I.—THE ROSARY ACCEPTED.

(*A bed.* Onora sleeping. Angels, but not near.)

Second angel. Stand off! She sleeps, and did not pray.

First angel. Did none pray for her?

Second angel. Ay, a child,—

Who never praying, wept before;
While, in a mother undefiled,
Prayer goeth on in sleep, as true
And pauseless as the pulses do.

First angel. Then I approach.

Second angel. It is not WILLED.

First angel. One word : is she redeemed ?

Second angel. No more !

The place is filled.

(*Angels vanish.*

Evil spirit in a nun's garb by the bed.)

Evil spirit. Forbear * that dream, forbear that dream !
too near to heaven it leaned. 10

Onora, in sleep. Nay, leave * me this—but only this ! 'tis but
a dream, sweet fiend !

I only walk among the fields, beneath the
autumn sun,

With my dead father, hand in hand, as I
have often done.

Evil spirit. Thou shalt do something harder still. —
Stand up * where thou dost stand
Among the fields of dreamland with thy
father hand in hand,

lento. And clear and slow repeat the vow, declare
its cause and kind,

Which not to break, in sleep or wake, thou
bearest on thy mind.

Onora, in sleep. I bear a vow of sinful kind, a vow for
mournful cause ;

I vowed it deep, I vowed it strong, the
spirits laughed applause.

Evil spirit. More calm and free, speak out to me why
such a vow was made. 20

Onora, in sleep. Because that God decreed my death, and I
shrank back afraid.

Have patience, * O dead father mine ! I did
not fear to die—

I wish I were a young dead child and had
thy company !

The linden-tree that covers thee might so
 have shadowed twain,
 For *death itself* I did not fear—'tis *love* that
 makes the pain :
 Love feareth death.—I was no child, I was
 betrothed that day ;
 I wore a troth-kiss on my lips I could not
 give away.
 How could I bear to lie content and still
 beneath a stone,
 And feel mine own betrothed go by—alas !
 no more mine own—
 Go leading by in wedding pomp some lovely
 lady brave, 30
 With cheeks that blushed as red as rose,
 while mine were white in grave ?
 How could I bear to sit in heaven, * on e'er
 so high a throne,
 And hear him say to her—to *her* ! that else
 he loveth none ?

Evil spirit.

Onora, in sleep.

Who told thee thou wast called to death ?
 I sat all night beside thee ;
 The grey owl on the ruined wall shut both
 his eyes to hide thee :
 And through the night, and through the
 hush, and over the flapping wing,
 We heard * beside the heavenly gate the
 angels murmuring :
 We heard them say, " Put day to day, and
 count the days to seven,
 And God will draw Onora up the golden
 stairs of heaven ;
 And yet the evil ones have leave that pur-
 pose to defer, 40
 For if she has no need of Him, He has no
 need of her ".

Evil spirit. Speak out to me, speak bold and free.
Onora, in sleep. And then I heard thee say—

“ I count upon my rosary brown * the hours
 thou hast to stay ;
 Yet God permits us evil ones to put by that
 decree,
 Since if thou hast no need of *Him*, He has
 no need of *thee* ”.

Evil spirit. Forbear * the dream, or let the vow be told.

Onora, in sleep. I vowed upon thy rosary brown—and till
 such vow should break,
 A pledge always of living days 'twas hung
 around my neck—
 I vowed to thee on rosary (dead father,*
 look not so !)
*I would not thank God in my weal, nor seek
 God in my woe.* 50

Evil spirit. Well done, well done !

Onora, in sleep. Ah me, the sun ! the dreamlight 'gins
 to pine—
 Ah me, how dread can look the dead !
 Aroint thee,* father mine !

Chorus. She starteth from slumber, she sitteth up-
 right,
 And her breath comes in sobs while she
 stares through the night ;
 There is nought ; the great willow, her
 lattice before
 Large-drawn in the moon, lieth calm on the
 floor :
 But her hands tremble fast as their pulses,
 and, free
 From the death-clasp, close over—the BROWN
 ROSARY. 60

II.—THE ROSARY SURRENDERED.

- Chorus.* { 'Tis a morn for a bridal ; the merry bride-
bell
vivace. { Rings clear through the greenwood that
skirts the chapelle,
And the priest at the altar awaiteth the bride,
And the sacristans slyly are jesting aside
At the work shall be doing.
- Then swept through the chapel the long
bridal train ;
Though he spake to the bride, she replied
not again :
- p.* On, as one in a dream, pale and stately she
went
Where the altar-lights burn o'er the great
sacrament,
Faint with daylight, but steady. 70
- mf.* But her brother had passed in between them
and her,
And calmly knelt down on the high altar
stair—
Of an infantine aspect so stern to the view,
That the priest could not smile on the child's
eyes of blue,
As he would for another.
- Brother.* “ In your chapel, O priest, you have wedded
and shriven
Fair wives for the hearth, and fair sinners
for heaven ;
But this fairest, my sister, ye think now to
wed,
Bid her *kneel* where she standeth, and
shrive her instead :
O shrive her, and wed not ! ” 80

- Chorus.* In tears, the bride's mother—
Mother. "Sir priest, unto thee
 Would he lie, as he lied to this fair company".
- Chorus.* In wrath, the bride's lover,—
Lover. *f.* "The lie shall be clear!
 Speak it out, boy! the saints in their niches shall hear:
 Be the charge proved, or said not!"
- Chorus.* Then serene in his childhood he lifted his face,
 And his voice sounded holy and fit for the place—
- Brother.* "Look down* from your niches, ye still saints, and see
 How she wears on her bosom *a brown rosary!*
 Is it used for the praying?" 90
- Chorus.* The youths looked aside—to laugh there were a sin—
 And the maidens' lips trembled from smiles shut within:
 Quoth the priest,
- Priest.* "Thou art wild, pretty boy!
 Bless'd she
 Who prefers at her bridal a brown rosary
 To a worldly arraying."
- Chorus.* *p.* The bridegroom spake low and led onward the bride,
 And before the high altar they stood side by side:

The rite-book is opened, the rite is begun,
They have knelt down together to rise up as
one.—

Who laughed by the altar? 100

The maidens looked forward, the youths
looked around,
The bridegroom's eye flashed from his
prayer at the sound;
lento. And each saw the bride,* as if no bride she
were,
Gazing cold at the priest without gesture of
prayer,
As he read from the psalter.

mf. The rite-book is closed, and the rite being
done

They who knelt down together arise up as
one:

Fair riseth the bride—oh, a fair bride is she,
But for all (think the maidens) that brown
rosary,

No saint at her praying! 110

f. What aileth the bridegroom? He glares
blank and wide;

Then, suddenly turning, he kisseth the
bride;

His lips stung her with cold; she glanced
upwardly mute:

Lover.

"Mine own wife,"

Chorus.

he said, and fell stark at

her foot

In the word he was saying.

p. Long and still was her gaze while they
chafed him there

And breathed in the mouth whose last life
had kissed her,
But when they stood up—only *they* ! with
a start

f. The shriek from her soul struck her pale
lips apart :

She has lived, and foregone him ! 120

Onora. And low on his body she droppeth adown—
“ Didst call me thine own wife, beloved—
thine own ?

Then take thine own with thee ! thy cold-
ness is warm

To the world's cold without thee. Come,
keep me from harm

In a calm of thy teaching ! ”

Chorus. She looked in his face earnest-long, as in
sooth

There were hope of an answer, and then
kissed his mouth,

And with head on his bosom wept, wept
bitterly—

Onora. “ Now, O God, take pity*—take pity on
me !

God, hear my beseeching ! ” 130

Chorus. p. She was 'ware of a *shadow* that crossed
where she lay,

She was 'ware of a *presence* that withered
the day :

f. Wild she sprang to her feet—

Onora. “ I surrender
to thee

The broken vow's pledge, the accursed
rosary—

I am ready for dying ! ”

- Chorus.* Her mother could not speak for tears ; she
ever musèd thus,
Mother. " *The bees will find out other flowers,—but*
what is left for us ? "
Chorus. But her young brother stayed his sobs and
knelt beside her knee,
Brother. " *Thou sweetest sister in the world, hast*
never a word for me ? "
Chorus. She passed her hand across his face, she
pressed it on his cheek,
So tenderly, so tenderly—she needed not
to speak.

The wreath which lay on shrine that day,
at vespers bloomed no more ;
The woman fair who placed it there, had
died an hour before.
Both perished mute for lack of root, earth's
nourishment to reach.
O reader, breathe (the ballad saith) some
sweetness out of each ! 160

—ELISABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[This poetess, born in London, 1809, died in Florence, 29th June, 1861. She was equally distinguished by her genius and her scholarship. At the age of seventeen she published her "Essay on Mind," with other poems ; and that volume was followed by "The Seraphim," "The Romaunt of the Page," the "Drama of Exile," "Isobel's Child," "Casa Guidi Windows," "Aurora Leigh," and other poems. She also translated into English the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus. In 1846 Miss Barrett was married to Mr. Robert Browning. Miss Mitford said of her friend : "They who know her best are apt to lose sight altogether of her learning and of her genius, and to think of her only as the most charming person they have ever met".]

THE KING'S TRAGEDY.

History. The Scottish king, James I., the gifted author of "The King's Quhair," was murdered on 20th February, 1437, by a band of conspirators, headed by Sir Robert Graham, in the Abbey of Black Friars at Perth, where he had been keeping the Christmas feast with his queen, Joanna, and the rest of his household. A full account of the whole scene is given in Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, chap. xix.

Subject. This poem describes the murder of the king, as related by an eye-witness, one of the queen's attendants, Lady Catherine Douglas, who made a brave but ineffectual attempt to save him by thrusting her arm as a bolt through the staples of the door, whence she afterwards obtained the name of Kate Barlass.

Scenes. (i.) Catherine Douglas, now an old lady, is telling the story of the past to a group of maids of honour, while they are engaged in spinning, embroidery, and other occupations.

(ii.) The royal bed-chamber in the old abbey. A February storm is howling outside, but the fire burns brightly on the great hearth and casts flickering shadows on the pictured tapestry hangings of the walls. The king and queen linger in loving talk by the fire, while the maids of honour wait in respectful silence until their assistance is required to disrobe the queen.

- Characters.*
1. The king.
 2. The queen.
 3. The Highland prophetess.
 4. Catherine Douglas.
 5. *Chorus* of Scottish maids of honour.

I.—THE HOUR OF REST.

1.

Chorus. mf. With reverence meet to king and queen,
 To bed went all from the board,
p. And the last to leave of the courtly train
 Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain
 Who had sold his sovereign lord.

2.

cres. { And all the locks of the chamber door
 Had the traitor riven and brast ;
f. { And that Fate might win sure way from afar,
 He had drawn out every bolt and bar
 That made the entrance fast.

3.

mf. But we, that were the queen's bower-maids,
 Alone were left behind ;
 And with heed we drew the curtains close
 Against the winter wind.

4.

And the bed was dight in a deep alcove ;
 And, as he stood by the fire,
 The king was still in talk with the queen,
 While he doffed his goodly attire.

II.—THE PROPHEPIC WARNING.

5.

ff. And now beneath the window arose
 A wild voice suddenly :
 And the king reared straight,—but the queen
 fell back
dim. As for bitter dule to dree ;—
p. And all of us knew the woman's voice
 Who spoke by the Scottish Sea.

6.

Prophetess. " O king," *
Chorus. she cried,
Prophetess. " in an evil hour
 They drove me from thy gate ;
f. And yet my voice must rise to thine ears ;—
p. But alas ! it comes too late !

* 7.

cres. { “ Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
 When the moon was dead in the skies,
 O king,—in a death-light of thine own
 I saw thy shape * arise.

8.

f. { “ And in full season, as erst I said,
 The doom had gained its growth ;
p. And the shroud had risen above * thy neck
 And covered thine eyes and mouth.

9.

“ And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
 And still thy soul stood there ;—
 And I thought its silence cried to my soul
 As the first rays crowned its hair.

10.

agitato. “ Since then I have journeyed fast and fain
 In very despite of Fate,
 Lest Hope might still be found in God’s will :—
 But they drove me from thy gate.

11.

cres. { “ For every man on God’s ground, O king,
 His death grows up from his birth
 In a shadow-plant perpetually ;—
f. And thine towers high,* a black yew-tree,
 O’er the Charterhouse of Perth ! ”

III.—THE COMING DOOM.

12.

Chorus. *p.* That room was built far out from the house ;
 And none but we in the room
 Might hear the voice that rose beneath
 Nor the tread of the coming doom.

13.

cres. { For now there came a torchlight-glare,
 And a clang of arms there came ;
 And not a soul in that space but thought
 Of the foe, Sir Robert Græme.

14.

{ Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
 O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
ff. He had brought with him in murderous league
 Three hundred armèd men.

15.

mf. The king knew all in an instant's flash ;
 And like a king did he stand ;
 But there was no armour in all the room,
 Nor weapon lay to his hand.

16.

vivace. And all we women flew * to the door
 And thought to have made it fast ;—
lento. But the bolts were gone—and the bars were
 gone—
 And the locks were riven and brast.

17.

And he caught the pale, pale queen in his
 arms
 As the iron footsteps fell,—
 Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
King. “ Our bliss was our farewell ! ”

18.

Chorus. And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
 And he crossed his brow and breast ;
 And proudly in royal hardihood
 Even so with folded arms he stood,—
 The prize of the bloody quest.

IV.—THE LAST HOPE.

19.

Then on me leaped the queen like a deer :—

Queen.

“ O Catherine, help ! ”

Chorus.

she cried.

And low at his feet we clasped his knees

Together side by side.

Both.

“ Oh ! even a king, for his people’s sake,
From treasonous death must hide ! ”

20.

Catherine.

“ For her sake most ! ”

Chorus.

I cried, and I marked,

The pang that my words could ring.

And the iron tongs from the chimney-nook

I snatched and held to the king :—

Catherine.

“ Wrench up * the plank ! and the vault be-
neath
Shall yield safe harbouring ”.

21.

Chorus.

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand

The heavy heft did he take ;

And the plank at his feet he wrenched and
tore ;

And as he frowned through the opened floor,
Again I said,

Catherine.

“ For her sake ! ”

22.

Chorus.

Then he cried to the queen,

King.

“ God’s will be

done ! ”

Chorus.

For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down * he sprang to the inner crypt ;
And straight we closed the plank he had
 ripped
And toiled to smooth it fair.

23.

p. (Alas ! in that vault a gap was once
Where thro' the king might have fled :
But three days since close-walled it had been
By his will ; for the ball would roll therein
When without at the palm ¹ he played.)

V.—THE KEEPING OF THE DOOR.

24.

Then the queen cried,

Queen.

" Catherine, keep the

And I to this will suffice ! ”

Chorus.

At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice.

25.

cres. And louder ever the voice grew,
 And the tramp of men in mail ;
 Until to my brain it seemed to be
f. As though I tossed on a ship at sea
 In the teeth of a crashing gale.

26.

mf. Then back I flew to the rest ; and hard
 We strove with sinews knit
 To force the table against the door ;—
 But we might not compass it.

¹ *I.e.*, at tennis.

27.

Then my wild gaze sped far down * the hall
 To the place of the hearthstone sill ;
 And the queen bent ever above the floor,
 For the plank was *rising still*.

28.

ff. And now the rush was heard on the stair,
 And

Both. " God, what help ? "

Chorus. was our cry.

p. And was I frenzied or was I bold ?
 I looked at each empty stanchion-hold,—
 And no bar but my arm had I !

29.

cres. Like iron felt my arm, as through
 The staple I made it pass :—
 Alack ! it was flesh and bone—no more !
 'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,—
p. But I fell back Kate Barlass.

30.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
 Half dim to my failing ken,
 And the space that was but a void before
 Was a crowd of wrathful men.

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

[Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born in London, 12th May, 1828, being on his father's side Italian, and on his mother's side half Italian and half English. He entered King's College School, and afterwards studied painting and was admitted to the school of the Royal Academy. In 1848 Rossetti, together with Millais, Holman Hunt and the sculptor Woolner, joined in forming the Præ-Raphaelite Brotherhood. He married in 1860, but his wife died in 1862, and from that time his health began to give way. He died on 9th April, 1882, at Birchington-on-Sea, near Margate. As a poet,

he has written several well-known and beautiful ballads, also a series of sonnets called "The House of Life," and a collection of translations from the Italian poets, called "Dante and his Circle". As a painter, some of his best known pictures are: "The Annunciation," "Beata Beatrix," "The Blessed Damozel," and "Dante's Dream".]

PERSEPHONE.

Origin. Written for the Portfolio Society, January, 1862. Subject given—"Light and Shade".

Subject. The Greek myth of Persephone (daughter of Demeter, the Earth-mother), who, while gathering daffodils with her maidens in the fields of Enna in Sicily, was carried off by Pluto, King of Hades, and became queen of the realms of the dead. On the lamentation of Demeter, Hermes was sent by the gods to rescue Persephone from Hades, and restore her to her mother. But before his wife's departure, Pluto induced her to eat of the pomegranate seeds sacred to Eros, knowing that having once tasted these, she would be constrained to return to him. Henceforth she spent half the year on earth with her mother, and the other half with her husband in the realm of the shades. This myth typifies the changes of the seasons, Persephone representing the spring; Demeter, the fruitful earth; and Pluto, the darkness of winter.

Scenes. (i.) The flowery meadows of Enna, where the maidens are gathering daffodils beside the winding stream.

(ii.) The gloomy realms of Hades, where Persephone sits beside Pluto on his throne, amid the flitting ghosts of departed heroes.

(iii.) The meadows of Enna, where Demeter meets Persephone on her return.

- Characters.*
1. Persephone.
 2. Demeter, her mother.
 3. Pluto, King of Hades.
 4. Hermes, messenger of the gods.
 5. *Chorus* of the maidens of Enna.

I.—THE FIELDS OF ENNA.

1.

Chorus. *mf.* She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
And gamesome as the morning air.

The daffodils were fair to see,
 They nodded lightly on the lea,
 Persephone—Persephone !

2.

f. Lo ! one * she marked of rarer growth
 Than orchis or anemone ;—
 For it the maiden left them both,
 And parted from her company.
 Drawn nigh she deemed it fairer still,—
 And stooped to gather by the rill
The daffodil, the daffodil.

3.

sotto voce. What ailed * the meadow that it shook ?
 What ailed the air of Sicily ?
 She wondered by the brattling brook,
 And trembled with the trembling lea.
f. The coal-black horses rise * —they rise :
Persephone. “ O mother, mother * ! ”
Chorus. *p.* low she cries—
ff. Persephone—Persephone !

4.

Persephone. “ O light, * light, light ! ”
Chorus. she cries,
Persephone. “ fare-
 well :
 The coal-black horses wait for me.
 O shade of shades, where I must dwell,
 Demeter, mother, far from thee !
 Ah, fated doom that I fulfil !
 Ah, fateful flower beside the rill !
The daffodil, the daffodil ! ”

5.

Chorus. What ails her that she comes not home ?

Demeter seeks her far and wide,
And gloomy-browed doth ceaseless roam
From many a morn till eventide.

Demeter. " My life, immortal though it be,
Is nought,"

Chorus. she cries,

Demeter. " for want of thee,*
Persephone—Persephone !

6.

" Meadows of Enna,* let the rain
No longer drop to feed your rills.
Nor dew refresh the fields again,
With all their nodding daffodils !
Fade,* fade and droop, O lily lea,
Where thou, dear heart, wert reft from me—
Persephone—Persephone !"

II.—THE SHADOW REALM OF HADES.

7.

Chorus. *p.* She reigns upon her dusky throne,
'Mid shades of heroes dread to see ;
Among the dead she breathes alone,
Persephone—Persephone !
Or seated on the Elysian hill *
She dreams of earthly daylight still,
And murmurs of the daffodil.

8.

cres. A voice * in Hades soundeth clear,
The shadows mourn and flit below ;
It cries—

Demeter.

“ Hail * ! ”

Chorus.

saith she ;

Demeter.

“ And doth our daylight dazzle thee,
My love, my child Persephone ?

12.

“ What moved thee, daughter, to forsake
Thy fellow-maids that fatal morn,
And give thy dark lord power to take
Thee living to his realm forlorn ? ”—

Chorus. p.

Her lips reply without her will,
As one addressed who slumbereth still—

Persephone. p.

“ *The daffodil, the daffodil !* ”

13.

Chorus. mf.

Her eyelids droop with light oppressed,
And sunny wafts that round her stir,
Her cheek upon her mother's breast—
Demeter's kisses comfort her.—
Calm * Queen of Hades, art thou she
Who stepped so lightly on the lea—
Persephone, Persephone ?

14.

f. When, in her destined course, the moon
Meets the deep shadow of this world,
And labouring on, doth seem to swoon
Through awful wastes of dimness whirled—
p. Emerged at length, no trace hath she
Of that dark hour of destiny,
Still silvery sweet—Persephone.

15.

f. The greater world may near the less,
And draw it through her weltering shade,
But not one biding trace impress
Of all the darkness that she made ;—

p. The greater soul that draweth thee
Hath left his shadow plain to see
On thy fair face, Persephone !

16.

mf. Demeter sighs—but sure 'tis well
The wife should love her destiny :
They part—and yet, as legends tell,
She mourns her lost Persephone ;
While chant the maids of Enna still—
“ *O fateful flower beside the rill—
The daffodil, the daffodil !* ”

—JEAN INGELOW.

THE LEGEND OF ARIADNE.

History. A poetical version of this old Greek legend is given by Geoffrey Chaucer, in his *Legend of Good Women*, and forms the sixth in the series. The name *Ariadne* is spelt by Chaucer as *Adriane*. There is a picture of “*Ariadne on Naxos*,” by G. F. Watts, R.A., and the subject has also been treated by other modern artists. For the story in full, see Kingsley's *Heroes*.

Subject. The son of Minos II., King of Crete, having been slain while studying at Athens, the Athenians were compelled to send an annual tribute of seven young men and maidens from their noblest families as an atonement to Crete. These hostages, on arriving, were imprisoned in the Labyrinth at Gnosssus, to be devoured by the Minotaur, a fearful monster, half man and half bull. Theseus, son of the King of Athens, at last volunteered to form one of this tribute. Ariadne, daughter of Minos, seeing Theseus and hearing of his bravery, fell in love with him, and supplied him with the thread with which he found his way back from the intricacies of the Labyrinth. Theseus succeeded in his design of slaying the Minotaur, and afterwards set sail for Athens, accompanied by Ariadne, whom he wedded, her sister Phedra, and those whom he had saved from the monster. On the way he anchored at the Isle of Naxos, where he forsook Ariadne, and sailed off with her sister Phedra. Ariadne was afterwards found and consoled by the god Bacchus.

Scenes. (i.) *Ariadne's bower in Crete.* A lofty chamber overlooking the main street of Gnosssus, at that time the capital of

Crete. A door from this chamber led out to a terrace on the rampart, adjoining which was a tower containing the dungeon in which Theseus was imprisoned. The bower was furnished with silken couches and hangings, vases filled with roses and other flowers, tiger-skins on the floor, golden vessels, and one or two musical instruments. All that now remains of the famous Labyrinth is an excavation on the side of the hill, which the natives say is an entrance to extensive catacombs. They cannot now be explored as the sides are fallen in.

(ii.) *The Isle of Naxos*, in the Grecian Archipelago. A small island, at that time uninhabited, with a rocky coast and dense thickets inland, the abode of many wild animals.

- Characters.*
1. Ariadne, daughter of King Minos.
 2. Phedra, her sister.
 3. Theseus, son of the King of Athens.
 4. *Chorus* of Greek maidens.

I.—ARIADNE'S BOWER IN CRETE.

Chorus. mf. King Minos had a monster, a wicked beast,
That was so cruel, that without arrest,
When that a man was brought in his presence,
He would him eat—there helpeth no defence.

This wicked custom has gone on so long,
Till that from Athens old King Egeus
Must send his only son, young Theseus,
Since that the lot is fallen him upon,
To be devoured, for mercy is there none.

The tower * wherein they did this Theseus
throw 10
Down to the bottom, dark and wondrous low,
Was by the wall joined to a bower * rare,
Belonging to King Minos' daughters fair.
As Theseus therefore made his plaint by
night,
The royal maid, that Ariadne hight,

And eke her sister Phedra, heard right all
His sad complaint, as they stood on the
wall,

And looked together on the bright * white
moon ;

They listed not to go to bed too soon.

And of his woe they had compassion— 20

p. A prince to be in such a dark prisón,
And be devourèd, seemed so great pitée.

Then Ariadne to her sister free
Spake forth and said,

Ariadne.

“ Phedra, my sister
dear,

Say, can ye not this woeful prince * now
hear ?

How piteously lamenteth he his kin,
And eke his poor estate that he is in,
And guiltless too ! Now certes, it is ruth !
And if ye will assent, then, by my truth,
He shall be holpen, whatsoe'er we do ! ” 30

Chorus.

Phedra replied,

Phedra.

“ Ywis, I am in woe

For him, as ever I was for any man,
And, for his help, the best advice I can,
Is, that we make the gaoler privily
To come, and speak with us full hastily,
And make this woeful man with him to
come.

For if he could this monster overcome,
Then were he quit ; there is no other boot.”¹

Chorus.

The gaoler comes, and with him Theseus,
And when these things have been dis-
coursed of thus, 40

¹ Remedy.

- Adown falls Theseus upon his knee :—
Theseus. "Thou * art the lady of my life,"
Chorus. quoth he.
 Then Ariadne right in this manére
 Made answer to his proffer and his cheer.
Ariadne. "Heaven * send you grace and sleight of
 heart also,
 You to defend, and knightly slay your foe,
 And grant hereafter that I may you find
 To me and to my sister here so kind,
 That I repent me not to give you life !—
 Yet were it better that I were your wife, 50
 Than that I suffered you to guiltless die,
 Or serve as page in all humility.
 Now swear * it here, on all that may be
 sworn."
- Theseus.* f. "Yea, lady mine, or else may I be torn
 By the fierce Minotaur to-morrow morn !—
 For now, if I to you the sooth shall say,
 Know that I you have loved full many a day,
 Although ye wist it not, in my countree,
 And have more greatly longed your face to
 see,
 Than that of any mortal, from my youth. 60
 I swear,* and do assure you on my truth,
 These seven years I have your servant
 been :—
 Now am I yours, and you are mine, my
 queen,
 My dearest heart, of Athens fair duchéss !"
Chorus. The lady smileth at his steadfastness ;
 And softly then,
Ariadne. "Now sister mine,"
Chorus. quoth she,
Ariadne. "Now be we duchesses, both I and ye,

And from his death have saved a king's
own son,—

As ever of gentle women is the wont¹
To save a gentle man, with all their might, 70
In honest cause, and namely in his right."

Chorus. mf. Then, of this Ariadne's teaching fain,
Did Theseus become the monster's bane;
And out he cometh by the clue again
Full privily, when he the beast hath slain;
And from the gaoler hath procured a barge,
And with his wife's rich treasure did it
charge,
And took his wife, and eke her sister free,
And eke the gaoler, and with them all three
p. Has stol'n away out of the land by night. 80
.

II.—THE ISLE OF NAXOS.

Chorus. mf. Then in an isle* amid the wild, wide sea,
Whereas he knew dwelt living creatures
none,
Save savage beasts, and that full many a
one,
He brought his ship to anchor in a bay,
And waited in that island half a day,
And said, that on the land he fain would
rest.
His mariners did all that pleased him best,
And shortly to relate about this case,
p. When his wife Ariadne sleeping was,
For that her sister fairer was than she, 90
He taketh Phedra's hand, and forth goes he
To ship, and as a traitor stole away,
While weary Ariadne sleeping lay.

¹ Wont, custom.

mf. Alas! for thee my heart hath now pitee!

p. Right in the dawning dim awaketh she,
And gropeth all around, and findeth nought.

Ariadne. "Alas!"

Chorus. quoth she,

Ariadne. "that ever I was wrought!
I am betrayed!"

Chorus. And her long hair she rent,
And to the strand barefooted fast she went,
And cried, 100.

Ariadne. *f.* "Theseus! * my husband sweet!
Where be ye, that I may not with you meet,
And might have thus by cruel beasts been
slain?"

Chorus. The hollow rocks they answered her again;
No man she saw, and yet there shone * the
moon,
And high * upon a rock she clomb full soon,
And saw his vessel * sailing on the sea.
Cold waxed her heart, and straightway thus
said she,

Ariadne. "Meeker than ye I find the beasts so wild!"

Chorus. Had he not sin, that thus her love beguiled?—
She cried, 110

Ariadne. *f.* "O turn * again for ruth and sin!
Thy vessel hath not all its crew within!"

Chorus. *mf.* Her kerchief on a pole up-knotted she,
That Theseus might, perchance, it plainly
see,

And so remember she was left behind,
And turn again, and on the strand her find:—
But all for nought; he on his way is gone.
And down * she swooning fell upon a stone;—
Then up she rose, and kissed, in all her care,
The footprints of his feet, where he did fare,

- Ariadne.* "Alas! what shall of wretched me become? 120
 For though so be that ship or boat here come,
 Back to my home dare I not go for dread.
 For this sad plight henceforth I know no rede." ¹
- Chorus. lento.* Why should I further tell of her plaining?
 It is so long, it were an heavy thing.
 But shortly to the end I will it bring.
- vivace.* The gods have holpen her, for their pitée,
 And in the sign of Taurus, men may see
 The stones within her crown shine clear for aye. 129

—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

[Geoffrey Chaucer, 1340-1400, was the son of a vintner in London. When a young man he served for a short time in the French wars, was taken prisoner, and set free at the peace of Bretigny. Later, he was sent on an embassy to Italy, where he met and conversed with Petrarch. The influence of French and Italian literature made itself felt in his own poetry, which has a striking beauty of form, and also in many cases shows a revival of interest in the myths of antiquity. Chaucer lived for the greater part of his life in London, where he was at one time Comptroller of the Customs, but in his latter years felt the pressure of poverty. His chief work is the *Canterbury Tales*. The above poem is a modernised version of selected passages from *The Legend of Good Women*. See Prof. Skeat's edition of *Chaucer's Works*, vol. iii., p. 147.]

THE FIRST LAY OF GUDRUN.

Origin. This translation (slightly shortened) is from an old Icelandic poem given in the *Elder Edda*, and dates from about the twelfth century. It is said by the translators to be "the most lyrical, the most complete, and the most beautiful of all the Eddaic poems; a poem that any age or language might count among its most precious possessions". See the *Volsunga Saga*, vol. xxxi., in the "Scott Library," p. 48.

¹ Good counsel.

Subject. The story of the Volsungs and Niblungs is one of the finest of the Icelandic sagas. The golden-haired Sigurd the Volsung rides on horseback over the wall of flame surrounding the sleeping Brynhild, a Valkyrie-maiden in Iceland, awakes her from her charmed sleep with a kiss, and plights her his troth. Afterwards coming to the land of the Franks, he is made to forget Brynhild by a magic potion, and weds the dark-haired Gudrun, daughter of King Giuki. Her brother Gunnar persuades Sigurd to ride with him to the wooing of Brynhild. By Sigurd's help, Gunnar succeeds in bringing Brynhild back to the Frankish court as his bride. But Brynhild, full of wounded pride, slighted love, and passionate jealousy, instigates the sons of Giuki to murder Sigurd, and afterwards slays herself upon his funeral pyre.

Scene. The scene opens where Gudrun is mourning over her lord's dead body, and many noble ladies seek to comfort her by each relating their own heavy sorrows. Brynhild stands at a little distance, leaning against a pillar, and looking upon the dead Sigurd. He lies on a couch with his face covered, in one of the recesses of the lofty wooden hall. Round the interior of the hall is a row of pillars, with heavy curtains hanging between them, covering the entrances to the different bed-chambers.

- Characters.*
1. Gudrun, wife of Sigurd.
 2. Sigurd, who lies dead.
 3. Brynhild, wife of Gudrun's brother.
 4. Gisaflug, aunt of Gudrun.
 5. Herborg, Queen of Hunland.
 6. Gullrond, sister of Gudrun.
 7. *Chorus* of high-born women.

OF THE LAMENTATION OF GUDRUN OVER SIGURD DEAD.

1.

Chorus. mf. Gudrun of old days · drew near to dying
As she sat in sorrow · over Sigurd ;
Yet she sighed not · nor smote hand on hand,
Nor wailed she aught · as other women.

2.

Then went earls to her, full of all wisdom,
Fain help to deal · to her dreadful heart :
p. Hushed was Gudrun · of wail, or greeting,¹
But with a heavy woe · was her heart a-
breaking.

¹ Weeping.

3.

- mf.* Bright and fair · sat the great earls' brides,
Gold arrayed · before Gudrun ;
Each told the tale · of her great trouble,
p. The bitterest bale · she erst abode.

I.—GIAFLAUG AS CONSOLER.

4.

- mf.* Then spake Giaflaug, · Giuki's sister :—
Giaflaug. “ Lo, upon earth · I live most loveless,
Who of five mates · must see the ending,
Of daughters twain · and three sisters,
Of brethren eight, · and abide behind lonely”.

5.

- Chorus.* Naught gat Gudrun · of wail and greeting,¹
So heavy was she · for her dead husband,
So dreadful-hearted · for the king laid dead
there.

II.—HERBORG AS CONSOLER.

6.

- Herborg.* Then spake Herborg, · Queen of Hunland—
“ Crueller tale · have I to tell of,
Of my seven sons · down* in the South-
lands,
And the eighth man, my mate, · felled in the
death-mead.

7.

- mf.* “ Father and mother, · and four brothers,
On the wide sea · the winds and waves
played with ;
The billows beat · on the bulwark boards.

¹ Weeping.

8.

“ Alone must I sing o’er them, · alone must
 I array them,
 Alone must my hands deal · with their de-
 parting ;
p. And all this was · in one season’s wearing,
 And none was left · for love or solace.

9.

cres. “ Then was I bound · a prey of the battle,
 When that same season · wore to its ending ;
 As a tiring-may¹ · must I bind the shoon
 Of the duke’s high dame, · every day at
 dawning.

10.

dim. “ From her jealous hate · gat I heavy mock-
 ing,
 Cruel lashes · she laid upon me,
 Never met I · better master
 Or mistress worsen · in all the wide world.”

11.

Chorus. Naught gat Gudrun · of wail or greeting,
 So heavy was she · for her dead husband,
 So dreadful-hearted · for the king laid dead
 there.

III.—GULLROND AS CONSOLER.

12.

Gullrond. Then spake Gullrond, · Giuki’s daughter—
 “ O fostermother,* · wise as thou mayst be,
 Naught canst thou better · the young wife’s
 bale ”.

Chorus. And she bade uncover · the dead king’s corpse.

¹ Waiting-maid.

13.

She swept * the sheet · away from Sigurd,
And turned his cheek · towards his wife's
knees—

Gullrond.

“Look * on thy loved one, · lay lips to his lips,
E'en as thou wert clinging · to thy king alive
yet ”.

14.

Chorus.

f. Once looked Gudrun—one look only,
And saw her lord's locks · lying all bloody,
The great man's eyes · glazed and deadly,
And his heart's bulwark · broken by sword-
edge.

15.

mf. Back * then sank Gudrun, · back on the
bolster,
Loosed was her head array, · red did her
cheeks grow,
And the raindrops ran down · over her
knees.
p. Then wept Gudrun, Giuki's daughter,
So that the tears flowed · through the pillow.

IV.—THE PRAISE OF SIGURD.

16.

Gullrond.

Then spake Gullrond, · Giuki's daughter—
“ Surely knew I · no love like your love,
Among all men · on the mould abiding ;
Naught wouldst thou joy in · without or
within doors,
O my sister, · save beside Sigurd ”.

17.

Chorus. Then spake Gudrun, · Giuki's daughter—
Gudrun. mf. "Such was my Sigurd · among the sons of
 Giuki,
 As is the king leek · o'er the low grass
 waxing,
 Or a bright stone · strung on band,
 Or a pearl of price · on a prince's brow.

18.

"Once was I counted · by the king's war-
 riors
 Higher * than any · of Herjan's mays¹ ;
p. Now am I as little * · as the leaf may be,
 Amid wind-swept wood · now when dead he
 lieth.

19.

mf. "Ah, in the days bygone · great mirth in the
 homefield,
 When my Sigurd · set saddle on Grani,²
 And they went their ways · for the wooing
 of Brynhild !
 An ill day, an ill woman, · and most ill hap !"

V.—BRYNHILD'S CHIDING.

20.

Chorus. Then spake Brynhild, · Budli's daughter—
Brynhild. "May the woman lack · both love and
 children,
 Who gained greeting³ · for thee, O Gudrun !
 Who gave thee this morning · many words !"

¹ Maidens.² Sigurd's grey horse.³ Weeping.

21.

Chorus. By a pillar she stood · and strained its wood
to her ;
From the eyes of Brynhild, · Budli's daughter,
Flashed out fire, · and she snorted forth
venom ;
As the sore wounds she gazed on · of the
dead-slain Sigurd.

—From the *Elder Edda* ; translated by EIRIKR
MAGNUSSON and WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Origin. Longfellow says of this dramatic poem, written in 1851 : " I have called this poem ' The Golden Legend,' because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of faith, hope, and charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death." The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The original may be found in Mailäth's *Altdeutsche Gedichte*, with a modern German version. Longfellow's poem has been set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Subject. Hartmann probably came from Eglisau, near Zurich, and was a servant of the lords of Aue. In his poem, " Der arme Heinrich," he tells the history of one of the previous lords of Aue, blending with it a mystic element. The lord, full of worldly virtues, forgets his soul's true welfare, and is visited by God with leprosy. The daughter of one of his peasants is willing to give her life's blood that he may be healed, but without the death of the maiden he is restored to health, and makes her his bride.

Scenes. The scenes selected from the drama take place at a farmhouse in the Odenwald, whither the prince has retired for the sake of his health.

Characters. 1. Prince Henry.
2. Gottlieb, the farmer.
3. Ursula, his wife.
4. Elsie, their elder daughter.
5. Max, } their two younger children,
6. Bertha, }

I.—A ROOM IN THE FARMHOUSE. TWILIGHT.

(Ursula spinning. Gottlieb asleep in his chair.)

Ursula. "Darker and darker ! Hardly a glimmer
Of light comes in at the window pane ;
Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer ?
I cannot disentangle this skein,
Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.
Elsie !"

Gottlieb
(starting). "The stopping of thy wheel
Has wakened me out of a pleasant dream.
I thought I was sitting beside a stream,
And heard the grinding of a mill,
When suddenly the wheels stood still, 10
And a voice cried 'Elsie' in my ear !
It startled me, it seemed so near."

Ursula. "I was calling her ; I want a light.
I cannot see to spin my flax.
Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou hear ?"

Elsie (within). "In a moment !"

Gottlieb. "Where are Bertha and
Max ?"

Ursula. "They are sitting with Elsie at the door.
She is telling them stories of the wood,
And the wolf, and Little Red Ridinghood."

Gottlieb. "And where is the prince ?" 20

Ursula. "In his room
overhead

I heard him walking across the floor,
As he always does with a heavy tread."

*(Elsie comes in with a lamp. Max and Bertha follow her,
and they all sing the Evening Song on the lighting of the
lamps.)*

EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light
 Of the Father Immortal,
 And of the celestial
 Sacred, and blessed
 Jesus, our Saviour !

Now to the sunset
 Again hast Thou brought us ;
 And, seeing the evening
 Twilight, we bless Thee,
 Praise Thee, adore Thee !

30

Father Omnipotent !
 Son, the Life-giver !
 Spirit, the Comforter !
 Worthy at all times
 Of worship and wonder !

Prince Henry (at the door).

" Amen ! "

Ursula.

" Who was it said ' Amen ' ? "

Elsie.

" It was the prince : he stood at the door,
 And listened a moment, as we chanted 40
 The evening song. He is gone again.
 I have often seen him there before."

Ursula.

" Poor prince ! "

Gottlieb.

" I thought the house was
 haunted !

Poor prince, alas ! and yet as mild
 And patient as the gentlest child."

Max.

" I love him because he is so good,
 And makes me such fine bows and arrows,
 To shoot at the robins and the sparrows,
 And the red squirrels in the wood ! "

- Bertha.* "I love him, too!" 50
- Gottlieb.* "Ah, yes! we all
Love him, from the bottom of our hearts;
He gave us the farm, the house, and the
grange,
He gave us the horses and the carts,
And the great oxen in the stall,
The vineyard, and the forest range!—
We have nothing to give him but our
love."
- Bertha.* "Did he give us the beautiful stork above
On the chimney-top, with its large, round
nest?"
- Gottlieb.* "No, not the stork; by God in heaven,
As a blessing, the dear, white stork was
given; 60
But the prince has given us all the rest.—
God bless him and make him well again."
- Elsie.* "Would I could do something for his sake,
Something to cure his sorrow and pain!"
- Gottlieb.* "That no one can; neither thou nor I,
Nor any one else."
- Elsie.* "And must he die?"
- Ursula.* "Yes, if the dear God does not take
Pity upon him, in his distress,
And work a miracle!"
- Gottlieb.* "Or unless 70
Some maiden, of her own accord,
Offers her life for that of her lord,
And is willing to die in his stead."
- Elsie.* "I will!"
- Ursula.* "Prithee, thou foolish child, be still.
Thou shouldst not say what thou dost not
mean!"
- Elsie.* "I mean it truly!"

Ursula. "Good-night, my children. Here's the light.
And do not forget to say your prayers
Before you sleep."

Gottlieb. "Good-night!"

Max and Bertha. "Good-night!"

(They go out with Elsie.)

II.—A ROOM IN THE FARMHOUSE.

Gottlieb. "It is decided! for many days,
And nights as many, we have had 80
A nameless terror in our breast,
Making us timid, and afraid
Of God, and His mysterious ways!
We have been sorrowful and sad;
Much have we suffered, much have prayed
That He would lead us as is best,
And show us what His will required.

It is decided; and we give
Our child, O prince, that you may live!"
Ursula. "It is of God. He has inspired 90
This purpose in her; and through pain,
Out of a world of sin and woe,
He takes her to Himself again.
The mother's heart resists no longer;
With the Angel of the Lord in vain
It wrestled, for he was the stronger."

Gottlieb. "As Abraham offered long ago
His son unto the Lord, and even
The everlasting Father in heaven
Gave His, as a lamb unto the slaughter, 100
So do I offer up my daughter."

(Ursula hides her face.)

Elsie. "My life is little,
Only a cup of water,
But pure and limpid.

Take it, O my prince !
 Let it refresh you,
 Let it restore you.
 It is given willingly,
 It is given freely ;
 May God bless the gift ! "

110

Prince Henry. " And the giver."

Gottlieb. " Amen ! "

Prince Henry. " I accept it ! "

Gottlieb. " Where are the children ? "

Ursula. " They are already asleep."

Gottlieb. " What if they were dead ? "

(*Gottlieb and Ursula go out.*)

III.—IN THE GARDEN.

Elsie. " I have one thing to ask of you."

Prince Henry. " What is it ?

It is already granted."

Elsie. " Promise me,

When we are gone from here, and on our
 way

Are journeying to Salerno, you will not,
 By word or deed, endeavour to dissuade
 me

120

And turn me from my purpose, but re-
 member

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City
 Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of
 pardon

Occupied wholly, so would I approach
 The gates of heaven, in this great jubilee,
 With my petition, putting off from me
 All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my
 feet.—

Promise me this."

Prince Henry. "If ever we depart upon this journey,
 So long to one or both of us, I promise. 130
 To me the thought of death is terrible,
 Having such hold on life. To thee it is not
 So much even as the lifting of a latch ;
 Only a step into the open air
 Out of a tent already luminous
 With light that shines through its trans-
 parent walls.—
 O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust shall
 grow
 Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
 'Ave Maria' in characters of gold!" 139

(*Exeunt.*)

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

COMALA: A DRAMATIC POEM.

Origin. "This poem is valuable on account of the light it throws on the antiquity of Ossian's compositions. The Caracul mentioned here is Caracalla, the son of Severus, who, in the year 211, commanded an expedition against the Caledonians. The variety of the measure shows that the poem was originally set to music, and perhaps presented before the chiefs on solemn occasions."

Subject. "*Comala*, the daughter of Sarno, King of Inistore or Orkney Islands, fell in love with *Fingal*, the son of Comhal, at a feast, to which her father had invited him upon his return from Lochlin. Her passion was so violent that she followed him, disguised like a youth who wanted to be employed in his wars. She was soon discovered by *Hidallan*, one of Fingal's heroes, whose love she had slighted some time before. Her romantic passion and beauty recommended her so much to the king that he had resolved to make her his wife, when news was brought to him of Caracul's expedition. He marched to stop the progress of the enemy, and Comala attended him. He left her on a hill within sight of Caracul's army, when he himself went to battle, having previously promised, if he survived, to return that night. The sequel of the story may be gathered from the poem itself."

Scene. The brow of the hill of Arden, overlooking a plain, through which flows the river Carron, which falls into the Forth

some miles to the north of Falkirk. It is late sunset. Comala is leaning against a rock, attended by the two daughters of Morni and some bards. Hidallan is sent by Fingal from the battlefield to tell Comala of his return; but, in revenge for his slighted love, he tells her instead that the king is killed in battle, and pretends he has carried his body from the field to be buried in her presence. On hearing these dreadful tidings, Comala's heart is broken.

Characters. 1. Fingal, king of the Caledonians on the north-west coast of Scotland.

2. Hidallan, one of Fingal's heroes, Comala's slighted lover.

3. Comala (*the maid of the pleasant brow*), daughter of the king of the Orkneys.

4. Melilcoma (*soft-rolling eye*):

5. Dersagrena (*the brightness of a sunbeam*): daughters of Morni, a chieftain friendly to Fingal.

6. A company of bards.

I.—COMALA AND HER MAIDENS.

Dersagrena. mf. "The chase is over. No noise on Ardven but the torrent's roar! Daughter of Morni, come from Crona's banks. Lay down the bow and take the harp. Let the night come on with songs, and let our joy be great on Ardven."

Melilcoma. p. "And night comes on, thou blue-eyed maid, grey night grows dim along the plain. I saw a deer* at Crona's stream; a mossy bank he seemed through the gloom, but soon he bounded away. A meteor played round his branchy horns; and the awful faces of other times looked from the clouds of Crona." 10

Dersagrena. mf. "These are the signs of *Fingal's* death. The King of Shields is fallen! and Caracul prevails. *f.* Rise, *Comala*, from thy rocks; daughter of *Sarno*, rise in tears. *p.* The youth of thy love is low, and his ghost is already on our hills."

Mellicoma. mf. "There * *Comala* sits forlorn! two 20
grey dogs near shake their rough ears, and catch
the flying breeze. Her red cheek rests on her
arm, and the mountain wind is in her hair. She
turns her blue-rolling eyes towards the field of his
promise. Where art thou, O *Fingal*, for the night
is gathering around?"

Comala. agitato. "O Carun¹ of the streams! * Why
do I behold thy waters rolling in blood? Has
the noise of the battle been heard on thy banks;
and sleeps the King of Morven? Rise, moon,* 30
thou daughter of the sky! look from between thy
clouds, that I may behold the light of his steel,
on the field of his promise. Or rather let the
meteor, that lights our departed fathers through
the night, come, with its red light, to show me
the way to my fallen hero. Who will defend me
from sorrow? Who from the love of *Hidallan*?
Long shall *Comala* look before she can behold
Fingal in the midst of his host; bright as the
beam of the morning in the cloud of an early 40
shower."

II.—THE ABOVE. *Enter Hidallan.*

Hidallan. f. "Roll, thou mist of gloomy Crona, roll
on the path of the hunter. Hide his steps from
mine eyes, and let me remember my friend no
more. The bands of battle are scattered, and no
crowding steps are round the noise of his steel.
O Carun, roll thy streams of blood, for the chief
of the people fell."

Comala. mf. "Who fell on Carun's grassy bank, son
of the cloudy night? Was he white as the snow 50

¹ A winding river: the Carron.

of Ardven? Blooming as the bow of the shower?
Was his hair like the mist of the hill, soft and
curling in the day of the sun? Was he like the
thunder of heaven in battle? Fleet as the roe of
the desert?"

Hidallan. mf. "O that I might behold his love, half-
leaning from her rock! Her red eye dim in tears,
and her blushing cheek half-hid in her locks!
Blow, thou gentle breeze, and lift the heavy locks
of the maid, that I may behold her white arm, 60
and lovely cheek of her sorrow!"

Comala. f. "And is the son of *Comhal* fallen, chief
of the mournful tale? The thunder rolls on the
hill! The lightning flies on wings of fire! But
they frighten not *Comala*; for her *Fingal* fell.
Say, chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of
shields?"

Hidallan. lento. "The nations are scattered on their
hills; for they shall hear the voice of the chief
no more." 70

Comala. f. "Confusion pursue thee over thy plains;
and destruction overtake thee, thou king of the
world. Few be thy steps to thy grave; and let
one virgin mourn thee. Let her be, like *Comala*,
tearful in the days of her youth. Why hast thou
told me, *Hidallan*, that my hero fell? I might
have hoped a little while his return, and thought
I saw him on the distant rock; a tree might have
deceived me with his appearance; and the wind
of the hill been the sound of his horn in my ear. 80
O that I were on the banks of Carun! that my
tears might be warm on his cheek!"

Hidallan. mf. "He lies not on the banks of Carun;
on Ardven, heroes raise his tomb. Look on them,
O moon,* from thy clouds; be thy beam bright

on his breast, that *Comala* may behold him in the light of his armour."

Comala. f. "Stop, ye sons of the grave, till I behold my love. He left me at the chase alone. I knew not that he went to the war. He said he would return with the night; and the King of Morven is returned.—Why didst thou * not tell me that he would fall, O trembling son¹ of the rock? Thou hast seen him in the blood of his youth, but thou didst not tell *Comala*." 90

Melilcoma. vivace. "What sound is that on Ardden? Who is that bright in the vale? Who comes like the strength of rivers, when their crowded waters glitter to the moon?"

III.—THE ABOVE. *Enter Fingal.*

Comala. sotto voce. "Who is it but the foe of *Comala*, the son of the king of the world! Ghost of *Fingal*! * do thou, from thy cloud, direct *Comala's* bow. Let him fall like the hart of the desert. It is *Fingal* in the crowd of his ghosts. Why dost thou come, my love, to frighten and please my soul?" 100

Fingal. f. "Raise, ye bards * of the song, the wars of the streamy Carun! *Caracul* has fled from mine arms along the fields of his pride. He sets far distant like a meteor that encloses a spirit of night, when the winds drive it over the heath, and the dark woods are gleaming around. I heard * a voice like the breeze of my hills. Is 110

¹A Druid. It is probable that some of the order of the Druids still remained, and that *Comala* had consulted one of them concerning the event of the war with *Caracul*.

it the huntress of Galmal, the white-handed daughter of *Sarno*? Look from thy rocks, my love, and let me hear the voice of *Comala*."

Comala. p. "Take me to the cave of thy rest, O lovely son of death!"

Fingal. mf. "Come to the cave of my rest. The storm is over, and the sun is on our fields. Come to the cave of my rest, huntress of echoing Cona." 120

Comala. lento. "He is returned with his fame; I feel the right hand of his battles. But I must rest beside the rock, till my soul settle from fear. Let the harp be near, and raise the song, ye daughters of Morni."

Dersagrena. "*Comala* has slain three deer on Ardven, and the fire ascends on the rock; go to the feast of *Comala*, king of the woody Morven."

Fingal. f. "Raise, ye sons of song, the wars of the streamy Carun; that my white-handed maid may rejoice: while I behold the feast of my love." 130

Chorus of bards. f. Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled. The steed is not seen on our fields; and the wings¹ of their pride spread in other lands.

p. The sun will now rise in peace, and the shadows descend in joy. The voice of the chase will be heard; and the shields hang in the hall.

f. Our delight will be in the war of the ocean, and our hands be red in the blood of Lochlin. Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled. (Comala sinks back dead.) 140

Melilcoma. mf. "Descend, ye light mists from high; ye moonbeams, lift her soul! Pale lies the maid at the rock! *Comala* is no more!"

¹ Perhaps alluding to the Roman eagle.

Fingal. maestro. "Is the daughter of *Sarno* dead—
the white-handed maid of my love? Meet me,
Comala, on my heaths, when I sit alone at the
streams of my hills!" 150

Hidallan. agitato. "Ceased the voice of the huntress
of *Galmal*? Why did I trouble the soul of the
maid? When shall I see thee, with joy, in the
chase of the dark-brown hinds?"

Fingal. f. "Youth of the gloomy brow*! no more
shalt thou feast in my halls. Thou shalt not
pursue my chase, and my foes shall not fall by
thy sword. Lead* me to the place of her rest,
that I may behold her beauty. Pale she lies at
the rock, and the cold winds lift her hair. Her
bow-string sounds in the blast, and her arrow was
broken in her fall. Raise* the praise of the
daughter of *Sarno*, and give her name to the
wind of the hills." 160

Chorus of bards. f. See, meteors roll around the
maid, and moonbeams lift her soul. Around her
from their clouds, bend the awful faces of her
fathers; *Sarno*¹ of the gloomy brow; and the
red-rolling eyes of *Fidallan*.²

mf. When shall thy white-hand arise, and 170
thy voice be heard on our rocks? The maids
shall seek thee on the heath, but they will not
find thee.

p. Thou shalt come at times to their dreams,
and settle peace in their soul. Thy voice shall
remain in their ears, and they shall think with
joy on the dreams of their rest.

f. Meteors roll around the maid, *p.* and
moonbeams lift her soul! 179

¹ *Sarno*, father of *Comala*, died soon after the flight of his daughter.

² *Fidallan* was the first king that reigned in *Inistore*.

Note.—Hidallan, after having been expelled from the wars of Fingal on account of Comala's death, returned in disgrace to his blind old father Lamor, who slew both Hidallan and himself beside the tomb of their ancestors.

[The poems attributed to Ossian were published by a Scotsman, James Macpherson (1738-1796), in 1762. They were founded in part on Gaelic traditional poetry, but it is uncertain how far they are genuine, or how much is due to the translator. Ossian, warrior and bard, was the son of Fingal, and the main body of the traditions relate to the period from 211 to 284 A.D. Macpherson's translation abounds in poetical expressions, and gives a very good insight into the life of those primitive times.]

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE MAN.

By G. A. BÜRGER.

(Translated from the German by Walter W. Skeat.)

Subject. A lofty bridge, in the middle of which stands a small toll-house, is being swept away by the huge blocks of ice that come drifting down the roaring torrent. The tollman, his wife, and child are in danger of perishing, when a knight offers a purse of gold to any bystander who will undertake their rescue. A peasant steps forward and volunteers to make the attempt. He succeeds, though at risk of his own life, but on being offered the reward, requests the knight to bestow it on the unfortunate tollman and his family. This peasant was a truly brave man.

Scene. A valley in Germany, through which a river flows, crossed by a strong stone bridge with the tollman's cottage on it. The river is swollen into a flood by the sudden melting of the winter snows on the mountains, and is sweeping through the valley with resistless force, bringing down huge blocks of ice with its current. The piers of the bridge are gradually giving way, and the cries of the terrified cottagers have drawn a crowd of peasants to the bank, none of whom dare venture to rescue them. A knight, mounted on a splendid horse, is spurring at full speed towards the crowd.

- Characters.*
1. The brave man.
 2. The knight.
 3. The tollman.
 4. His wife.
 5. His child.
 6. The messenger.
 7. *Chorus* of German peasants.

1.

- Chorus.* *ff.* Loud sounds afar the brave man's lay,
 Like bell's clear chime or organ's roll ;
 For song, not gold, can best repay
 The man who shows a dauntless soul.
 Thank God ! who hath taught me to praise
 and sing,
 For loud shall the brave man's praises ring !

I.—THE ALARM.

2.

- mf.* The warm wind came from * the Southern
 sea,
 And Italy felt its humid breath ;
 The scattered clouds before it flee
 Like flocks when wolves bring fear and
 death.
f. It swept o'er the fields, the forest it brake,
 And loosen'd the ice upon river and lake.

3.

- mf.* Snow melted on the mountain-tops ;
 A thousand plunging torrents fell :
 Lakes buried field and dale and copse ;
 Each river rose with sudden swell.
f. Their channels the cataracts ploughed and
 tore,
 And fragments of ice to the valley bore.

4.

- mf.* On piers and arches strongly planned,
 Well built of quarried stone and wood,
 A lofty bridge the valley spanned,
 Whereon, midway, a cottage stood :

And here lived the tollman with child and wife :—

Messenger. “ Oh tollman ! oh tollman ! flee * fast, for thy life ! ”

II.—THE STORM.

5.

Chorus. *f.* Loud roared, and howled, and beat, and rained

The storm around that lonely home ;
At length the roof the tollman gained,
And looked across the seething foam.

Tollman. “ Oh merciful heaven * ! my trust is in thee !
I am lost, I am lost ! what refuge for me ? ”

6.

Chorus. *mf.* The blocks of ice came rolling fast
On either bank, both far and near ;
On either side the stream ran past
And swept away both arch and pier ;
f. The timorous tollman, with wife and child,
Shrieked louder yet than the tempest wild.

7.

mp. The heaped-up ice came rolling on
At either end, both far and near ;
cres. Arch after arch away is gone,
In fragments fell each ruined pier.
f. To the middle the turmoil hath forced its way—

Cottagers. “ Oh merciful heaven, * now help ! we pray ”.

8.

- Chorus.* *mf.* High on the farthest bank, a crowd
 Of gazers, young and aged, stood ;
 Each wrung * his hands, and wept aloud,
 But *none* would dare that dangerous flood.
f. The timorous tollman, with wife and child,
 Shrieked loudly for help thro' the uproar
 wild.

III.—THE KNIGHT'S OFFER.

9.

- mf.* When shall the brave man's lay be rung
 Like organ's roll, or bell's pure chime ?
cres. When shall his noble name be sung,
 My sounding song ? 'tis time ! 'tis time !
 To the midst hath the turmoil forced its
 way—
ff. Brave hero * ! brave hero ! now help, I pray !

10.

- presto.* Fast galloped up a noble knight,
 A horse he rode of stately build ;
 What held his right hand* forth to sight ?
 A heavy purse with gold well filled.
Knight. " Two hundred pistoles are here, I swear,
 For him who to save them will nobly dare ! "

11.

- Chorus.* *mf.* Will *he*—this knight *—those wretches save ?
 Is *he* thy worthy theme, my song ?
 The knight, as heaven doth know, is brave,
 But *one more brave* shall come ere long.
ff. Brave hero * ! brave hero ! at length ap-
 pear !
 Their terrible ruin is drawing near.

12.

- mf.* And higher still the flood doth swell,
cres. And louder still the storm doth rave ;
And more and more their courage fell ;—
Oh daring hero * ! haste to save !
ff. Pier upon pier is burst in two,—
Arch after arch is broken through !

13.

- Knight.* “Will no one dare? See here * ! see here !”
Chorus. mf. The knight held out the tempting prize ;
Each peasant hears, but shrinks with fear,
Of thousands, *none* the risk defies.
f. *In vain* did the tollman, with wife and child,
Shriek loudly for help thro’ the uproar wild !

IV.—THE RESCUE.

14.

- mf.* But lo ! a peasant, * staff in hand,
Comes striding up with hurried pace ;
His mean attire the gazers scanned,
His stalwart frame, his noble face.
He hears the promise the knight has made,
And saw that their doom could scarce be
stayed.

15.

- mf.* He trusted God’s protecting power,
And in the nearest skiff he leapt ;
In spite of stream and whirl and shower
His way the daring hero kept ;
f. Oh ! horror * ! the boat is so frail and
small,
It *never* can hold them and save them all ?

16.

lento. In spite of whirl and storm and tide,
Three times the dangerous course he
 braved ;
Three times he safely reached the side,
 By God's good grace, till *all* were saved :—
 And scarce for the *last* time he reached the
 shore
 Ere the *last* pier fell, and was seen no more !

V.—THE BRAVE MAN.

17.

mf. But wherefore call the *peasant* brave ?
 Why make *his* praise thy theme, my song ?
 He risked his life those lives to save,
 But then—the *hope of gain* was strong !
 And had it not been for the good knight's
 gold,
 The peasant might never have been so bold !

18.

Knight. “Thy prize,”
Chorus. exclaimed the knight,
Knight. “is won ;
 Come here,* brave friend, receive thy
 due !”
Chorus. Sure this was well and nobly done,
f. By heaven ! the knight was brave and
 true !—
lento. But the heart that beat 'neath the peasant's
 weeds
 In honour and worth the knight's exceeds.

19.

The brave man. "I risk not life for money's sake ;
 I eat enough, though poorly clad ;—
 Thy bounty let the tollman * take,
 The flood has swallowed all he had."

Chorus. *p.* In tones of compassion he said his say,
 Then slowly he turned him, and went his
 way.

20.

f. Now loudly rings the brave man's lay
 Like bell's clear chime or organ's tone ;
 For song, *not* gold, can best repay
 The man who dauntless worth hath
 shown.

ff. Thank God,* who hath taught me to praise
 and sing ;
 For aye shall the brave man's praises ring !

[Gottfried August Bürger, the son of a clergyman, was born at Molmerswende, near Halberstadt, 1st January, 1748. The latter part of his life was spent at Göttingen, where he lingered for some years in bad health and poverty, till he died on 8th June, 1794, at the early age of forty-six. The best known of his poems are the ballads of "Lenore" and "The Wild Huntsman," both of which were translated by Sir Walter Scott. Of the former there is also a much-admired translation by William Taylor, of Norwich. Both poems show a strong vein of romantic imagination. His "Lay of the Brave Man," though less pretentious, is written in a pleasing style, and deserves to be well known.

—WALTER W. SKEAT, *Professor of Anglo-Saxon*
in the University of Cambridge.]

